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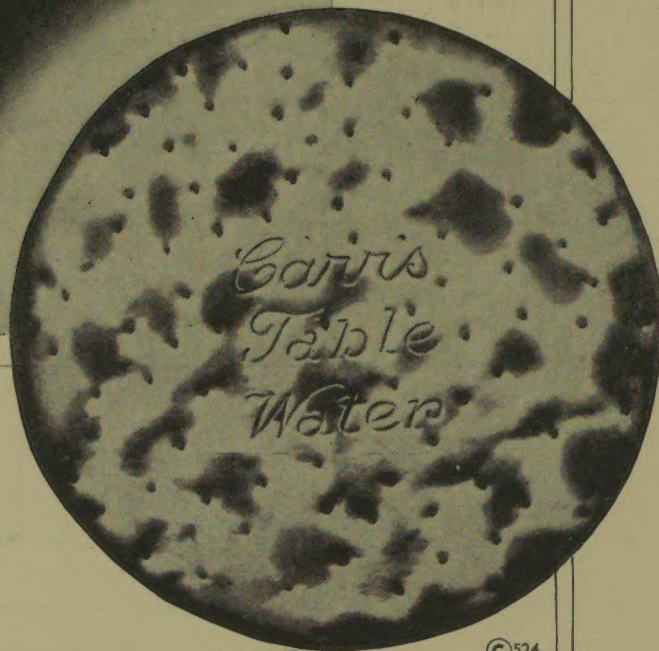
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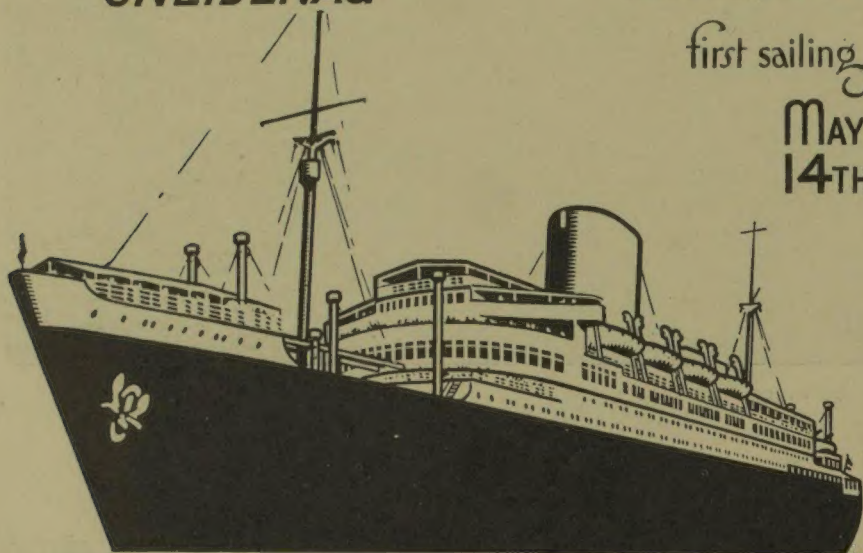
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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1935.



A GALE FLOUTS THE WORLD'S BIGGEST LINER: THE 56,000-TON "MAJESTIC" UNABLE TO LEAVE THE QUAY AT SOUTHAMPTON, HER SIDE PRESENTING AN AREA OF THREE ACRES TO THE WIND.

The gale that raged over the British Isles on February 20 was largely confined to south-eastern England, and during the afternoon wind-speeds exceeding 60 m.p.h. were recorded in that district. As a result, the "Majestic," of the Cunard White Star fleet, the biggest liner in commission, was unable to leave her berth and sail from Southampton to New York in accordance with her schedule. Her great side presented an area of three acres to the wind. Eight tugs were standing by. The

wind was blowing at right angles to the quay in the new dock. With the weather showing no signs of improvement, it was decided that it would be too risky to attempt to tow the liner out into the deep water channel. She sailed on the following day, having been delayed 24 hours. The "Majestic," it may be noted, is a vessel of over 56,000 tons and is 915 ft. long. The American "Leviathan" is larger by the American measurement (59,000 tons), but smaller by ours.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I AM happy to say that there seems to be a real revival of interest in history; but, oddly enough, it does not mainly express itself in histories. It seems to express itself almost entirely in biographies. There are, of course, several distinguished exceptions; it is good news that so great a scholar as Mr. H. A. L. Fisher has published a History of Europe; and I think that few more compact and convincing pieces of work have been done than Mr. Belloc's abridged History of England. But the fashion of the moment, or the feature of the movement, seems to me to be the publication of separate monographs on separate historical characters. We do not see, for instance, at least in any prominent example, the reappearance of the old full and formal narrative of the great national legend of the Cavaliers and Roundheads; a complete history of the Civil War, with its causes and consequences, set out like a section of a long, complete history of the nation. What we do see on every bookstall, and in every bookcase, is a number of new biographies of the men who once figured almost entirely in such histories. We find that Mr. Belloc writes a book on Charles I.; that Mr. Buchan writes a book on Oliver Cromwell; that Mr. Belloc writes another book on Oliver Cromwell; and that another historical student has just written another book on the great Earl of Strafford. I have no doubt that, if I looked through the literary lists, in a more systematic manner than it is within the power of my patience and virtue to look through anything, I should find that somebody had written a book on Sir Henry Vane; that somebody else had written a book on Lord Falkland; that somebody else had made a most learned study of Clarendon, but had not imitated Clarendon in writing a history of the Civil War. Now I come to recall it, there was recently a book, if not two books, on John Hampden; and I trust and believe there will always be any number of books on John Milton.

Between them, one would suppose they would pretty well cover the whole ground that could be covered by a complete history. But, in fact, as compared with a complete history, any number of them must still remain incomplete. There is no conspectus of all these contrasted characters, seen together in the light of the same mind or general philosophy of history; and some of them naturally contradict each other so flatly as to lead rather to confusion than conclusion. A man has some reason for selecting the subject of another man; and the chances are that his reason, even if perfectly reasonable, will be highly personal; and sometimes personal to the point of being perverse. There is always a possible association of a monograph with a monomania. And though many of these books, and especially those I have mentioned, are filled with a real sense of history which goes far beyond mere biography, in the sense of mere gossip, these personal studies may easily involve a certain amount of mere scandal; sometimes involving a temptation to mere slander. Anyhow, either in the best examples or the worst, we can hardly find in biography a substitute for history; or be completely satisfied by looking at the programme for the *dramatis personæ* as an alternative to seeing the play.

I wonder nobody has ever written a History of the Histories of England. The historians would themselves be characters in a very entertaining play. Summaries of their treatment of the same subject would have something of the unexpected variety of the versions of the same story in Browning's experiment of "The Ring and the Book." Anyhow, the historians would be very vivid characters; some of them, to tell the truth, rather comic characters. And we should possess a rather important outline of the actual evolution of political thought or patriotic

conjurer. He was a romancer rather than a liar; at the worst, he was a romancer as well as a liar. That is, he was sincere in his enjoyment of romance, even where it departed furthest from reality. And he did do what the poets can do, though it was said to be what the gods themselves could not do: he did change the past; he did throw a retrospective glamour over the past of his own Puritan and Parliamentary party; a light that looked like broad daylight, but which had not really shone upon it in its own day. There was a case for the Puritans, but it was a

Puritan case. There is still a case for a few fanatics who drink to the Immortal Memory of William of Orange, but it is a fanatical case. It is ending very much as it began, and as it continued to be up to the moment when the magic of Macaulay made it look like mere practical politics or the religion of all sensible men. I mean that, while there was a true enthusiasm in the seventeenth-century sects, it was a sectarian enthusiasm. We may perfectly well sympathise with the heroic virtue of a Brownite or the martyrdom of a Muggletonian, but it must be as we sympathise with a dancing dervish or a wild prophet in the wilderness; and that was about the best that the bulk of England ever felt for the very best of the Puritans. The English, as the English, thought about them as the Romans thought about the Zealots; as the Rationalists thought about the Methodist preachers. One result of this was that the common-sense—or, if you will, commonplace—opinion of the country, for most of the time, was rather Royalist than Roundhead. It was not in the least necessary to be a romantic Cavalier, an old-world Jacobite, a High Churchman, or even a High Tory, in order to be a Royalist. Again and again we find that a Rationalist was a Royalist. Hobbes was a Rationalist, hating every trace and tradition of the old religious sentiment. But Hobbes was a Royalist, in the sense that his despotic theory of the State involved the implication of a royal despot. Indeed, Hobbes was a Hitlerite, and his whole theory of the Totalitarian State turns on a pivot of

personal government. Hume was a Rationalist, but in his History of England he was a Royalist.

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sentiment, through periods which are none the less important to our national destiny because nearly all of us have forgotten all about them. A very good example of what would strike us as a new truth, merely by being a neglected truth, can be found in the case of David Hume, when he wrote as a historian and not as a philosopher. Huxley revived Hume as a philosopher, in the days of his own fight for Agnosticism and quarrel with Comtism, calling the Scotch sceptic "that prince of agnostics." But I rather doubt whether Huxley would have bothered much about Hume as a historian; for Huxley was very Victorian in many ways, including the Victorian virtues. And, by his time, the whole Victorian world had undergone a profound change in the whole attitude towards history; a change that has rather falsified the whole perspective of the history of history, even of history so recent as Hume's.

Macaulay, after all, was something of a magician, even if he was also something of a cheap and popular

The most famous or fashionable of the recent monographs is the "Marlborough" of Mr. Winston Churchill. The author has to sacrifice the Whig historian to the Whig hero. I do not share Mr. Churchill's innocent and child-like piety in the matter of his trust in Marlborough, but I entirely share his distrust of Macaulay. But the matter in which Macaulay has most falsified the past is that I have mentioned; the fashion of supposing that the solid sense of the nation was solid for the Puritans and the Parliament men, with nothing against it but a chivalric but childish memory of the past. Down to very late indeed, it was still the Roundhead who was the crank and the Cavalier who was the regular guy. Dr. Johnson was a Jacobite suspected of being out in the '45; but, right or wrong, he was a more solid and sensible sort of Englishman than Horace Walpole worshipping the Regicides and the death-warrant of Charles I.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



THE EXHIBITION OF MODERN CHINESE ART IN LONDON: MRS. QUO TAI-CHI, WIFE OF THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR, SPEAKING AT THE OPENING CEREMONY.

The very interesting Exhibition of Modern Chinese Art, at the New Burlington Galleries, was opened on February 21, and will remain open until March 25. It is under the Presidency of the Earl of Halifax. The Chinese Ambassador has contributed a foreword to the Catalogue, and Professor Liu Hai-Su, Director of the Academy of Fine Arts, Shanghai, has written a short article on Chinese Painting. A number of Professor Liu Hai-Su's own works are in the exhibition.



TRAINING THE MEN WHO WILL REOPEN THE GRESFORD PIT: VOLUNTEERS TESTING THEIR APPARATUS FOR LEAKS AT THE MINERS' RESCUE STATION, WREXHAM.



VOLUNTEERS TRAINING FOR THE REOPENING OF THE GRESFORD PIT: MEN WEARING THEIR EQUIPMENT (INCLUDING SMALL HORNS) IN A ROOM FILLED WITH FUMES.

In preparation for the reopening of the Gresford Pit (where 265 men were killed in the terrible disaster last September), forty volunteers are undergoing intensive training at the Miners' Rescue Station at Wrexham. While the men are training they are paid a higher wage; and when they are actually opening the pit, yet higher wages. Even that will be small recompense for the risks they will have to face; although it must be said at once that every precaution is being taken to prevent loss of life or injury, and that no attempt at reopening will be made until every expert is agreed that safety is, as far as possible, assured. The men are carefully picked out after a stringent medical examination, absolute physical fitness, as well as experience of rescue work and mining generally, being required. They train in rooms and long dark galleries, thick with sulphur fumes, with their oxygen apparatus strapped on them, creeping about carrying picks and pit-props, practising building walls and lifting girders and sand-bags.



THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF HANDEL: A GUARD WITH TORCHES ROUND HIS STATUE AT HALLE.

The celebrations of the two hundred and fiftieth centenary of the birth of Handel began at his birthplace, Halle, in Saxony, on February 23, and went on for a week. Handel, of course, spent much of his life in London, and produced ninety per cent. of his work in this country. A great number of his manuscripts are now in the British Museum, having been presented to the British Crown by Handel's amanuensis. He is buried in Westminster Abbey.



THE AUSTRIAN MINISTERS IN LONDON: DR. SCHUSCHNIGG (LEFT) AND BARON VON BERGER-WALDENEGG GREETED BY SIR JOHN SIMON AT VICTORIA.

The Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg, and the Foreign Minister, Baron von Berger-Waldeneck, arrived in London on February 24, on a two days' visit to the British Government. They were met at Victoria by Sir John Simon. The Austrian statesmen had come from Paris, where they had conversations with M. Flandin and M. Laval. M. Corbin, French Ambassador in London, also greeted them at Victoria.

BRITISH TROOPS LEAVE THE SAAR.



BRITISH TROOPS BIDDING SAARLANDERS A CHEERFUL GOOD-BYE: THE SCENE AS THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE ESSEX REGIMENT LEFT REDEN, NEAR NEUNKIRCHEN.



BRITISH SAAR TROOPS ENTERTAINED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT: FRENCH SOLDIERS SHOWING THEIR GUESTS OVER THE RHEIMS BATTLEFIELDS; WITH THE MONUMENT "AUX MORTS DES ARMÉES DE CHAMPAGNE" IN THE BACKGROUND.



BRITISH SAAR TROOPS IN LONDON: THE MARCH FROM VICTORIA TO KING'S CROSS, EN ROUTE FOR CATTERICK.

The British contingent of the International Force began evacuating the Saar on February 19. It will be recalled that the French Government had invited them to accept its hospitality on their way home. A party of the 1st Battalion the Essex Regiment was accordingly given a tremendous welcome at Rheims; and 52 officers and men were officially entertained in Paris. Here they visited various places of interest, their programme closing with a dinner at the Cercle Interallié. The officers and men who were entertained at Rheims saw the famous Champagne cellars in the city, and later paraded before the War Memorial, when a wreath was laid and a salute fired. In the afternoon the British troops were conducted over the battlefields, and their visit came to an end with a reception at the Hôtel de Ville. The Battalion arrived at Dover on the morning of February 21, after a stormy crossing, and disembarked to the sound of popular tunes played by the Dorset Regiment's band. They arrived in London on the morning of February 22. They marched from Victoria to Wellington Barracks, where they had their midday meal; and then marched to King's Cross to entrain for Catterick Camp, Yorkshire.

ITALIAN TROOPS LEAVE FOR E. AFRICA.

The situation as regards Abyssinia still remains somewhat tense. Following the mobilisation of two divisions of regular troops, three battalions of Blackshirts (Fascist Militia) were embodied. Two of them were reviewed in Rome by Signor Mussolini, with whom were a number of high officers, including General Teruzzi, Chief of Staff of the Fascist Militia. They later marched through the streets to entrain for Naples on their way to East Africa. A third battalion of Blackshirts, bound for the same destination, had already been reviewed in Naples by the Prince of Piedmont, and embarked. The two battalions from Rome sailed in the steamer "Gange" on February 18. The young Militiamen were given an enthusiastic farewell by the population as they marched in full service kit to the harbour from the Granili Barracks. Along the route were drawn up detachments of Fascist organisations and bodies of children from the elementary and higher schools. They had a special holiday for the event. On the quay were General Teruzzi, several generals of the regular army, and officials of the Fascist Party. The troops numbered 2000, with 46 officers and 120 N.C.O.s. Subsequently, it should be noted, a number of regular Italian formations were despatched to East Africa.



THE TENSION BETWEEN ITALY AND ABYSSINIA: THE ENTHUSIASTIC SEND-OFF, AT NAPLES, OF TWO THOUSAND FASCIST MILITIAMEN WHO EMBARKED THERE FOR SERVICE IN EAST AFRICA.



BLACKSHIRTS (FASCIST MILITIA) ENTRUSTED WITH THE DUTIES OF REGULAR SOLDIERS: MEN IN FULL SERVICE EQUIPMENT GOING ON BOARD THE TROOPSHIP AT NAPLES, BOUND FOR EAST AFRICA.



THE ENTHUSIASTIC SEND-OFF ACCORDED THE MILITIA AT NAPLES: GENERAL TERUZZI, CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE FASCIST MILITIA, AMID THE CROWD ON THE QUAY.

A MICHELANGELO PROBLEM FOR ART EXPERTS: A PIETA FOR EXHIBITION.



"AN UNRECORDED WORK," TRADITIONALLY ASCRIBED TO MICHELANGELO, TO BE SHOWN IN LONDON DURING THIS MONTH :
A FLORENTINE ALABASTER BAS-RELIEF EXECUTED FOR POPE JULIUS II. (SIZE OF ORIGINAL, 12½ BY 9½ IN.)

Art connoisseurs in London will shortly be able to examine this beautiful alabaster bas-relief, which is to be exhibited during March at the galleries of Messrs. Spink and Son, in King Street, St. James's. A brochure published by them describes it as being of the Florentine school, "an unrecorded work, held by tradition to be by Michelangelo (1475-1564), which has been in the possession of the della Rovere family ever since it was executed for Michelangelo's patron, Pope Julius II." Until recently it was in the private hapel of a house owned

by that family, the Villa Lante at Viterbo. The writer goes on to say: "The unusual and powerful conception of this theme, the dead Saviour being supported by the Almighty instead of the Virgin Mary, is thoroughly in keeping with the sternness and *terribilita* of the great Florentine master's mind." We are enabled to illustrate the work by courtesy of "Apollo," which gives a colour reproduction in its current number, with an accompanying note by Mr. R. R. Tatlock, who writes: "This bas-relief is stylistically and technically . . . close to Michelangelo."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WE are now well advanced into the Air Age, and its origins provide matter for the historian. One romantic chapter in the story of aviation is told, dramatically and picturesquely, in "THROUGH ATLANTIC CLOUDS." The History of Atlantic Flight. By Clifford Collison and Captain F. McDermott. With Foreword by Lord Sempill; Thirty-four Illustrations and a Map (Hutchinson; 18s.). This book not only makes excellent reading, with all the thrill of adventure, but its utility as a work of reference is enhanced by a chronological list of Atlantic flights (successful or otherwise). It has also acquired topical interest through several recent happenings. There is a long account, for example, of Colonel Lindbergh's career, before and since his great solo flight from New York to Paris, with a poignant allusion to the kidnapping tragedy. Again, there is Lord Sempill's preface. "The evolution of flying (he writes) . . . owes as much to the pioneer flights by Alcock and Whitten Brown as seafaring does to Columbus. The upper air conditions over the Atlantic were just as unknown to us in 1919 as was America in 1492. . . . The British Empire stands to benefit most from regular Transatlantic air service. . . . No doubt it will not be long before New Zealand is linked up. There then remains unforge only the link with Canada."

This question of a Transatlantic air service is amplified by the authors in their closing chapter. Among other things, they discuss the problems of weight-carrying and of stopping-places, natural or artificial, recalling that "in 1933 Colonel Lindbergh personally flew across both the Greenland and the Azores routes to report on their practicability," and describing the projected Armstrong sea-dromes (illustrated in two of our recent issues). Another alternative mentioned is the German system of re-fuelling from an attendant steamer provided with a landing "apron" for seaplanes. The authors make a patriotic appeal, combined with complaint that we have allowed other nations to get a start of us. Echoing a famous royal utterance, they conclude: "'Wake up, England!' Time and again our pilots have proved that English machines and English aero engines are second to none in the world. The opportunity awaits us now of making our aircraft as familiar over future Atlantic flying routes as our merchant vessels are upon its waves."

Is there an anthology of flying literature? and if not, why not? How far will aviation, and all the other new "fairy tales of science," inspire great writing, especially by poets? It is not fashionable nowadays, of course, to be sonorous or sententious in verse, and so far I have seen nothing in that vein approaching either Tennyson's prediction, or the passage where Stephen Phillips makes Apollo woo Marpessa by describing the thrills of a dawn flight in his solar chariot. There is a more Kiplingesque note, recalling that "stiff-necked Glasgow beggar," Engineer McAndrew, in "The Ballad of a Bristol," given as a poetic take-off to "FLYING MINNOWS." By Roger Vee. Illustrated (John Hamilton; 12s. 6d.). Indicating the natural history of the "flying minnow," the author says: "This is no tale of heroes. It is the plain narrative of the experiences of an undistinguished pilot, and of some of his brother-officers of the Royal Air Force, during the war. It tells, too, something of their everyday life in the topsy-turvy days. . . . The verses entitled 'The Ballad of a Bristol' were written by Harold Tetley Burt, who after the war became Associate Professor of Philosophy at Manchester University. He died in February, 1923." Here are some typical lines from the poem—

Is there a sweeter music,
A more contenting sound,
Than the purring clasp of her broad-curved prop
As it gently ticks around?

Although the author of "Flying Minnows" modestly calls himself "undistinguished," his story does not suffer thereby. It is not always the most eminent people who can tell the best yarn, and, though aces and court cards

may take all the tricks, often the holder of a moderate hand gets the most "kick" out of the game. To the lay reader of books about air-fighting, one "dog-fight" is as thrilling as another, and in that respect the present work holds its own. It certainly shows us the daily life of the flying men very vividly, and occasionally it reveals their inner feelings and thoughts about war.

From fighting in the air we pass to fighting on the ground in "A FRENCHMAN IN KHAKI." With eight illustrations and five maps. By Paul Maze. With a Preface by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.). The author, who at the outbreak of the war was a young man, prevented by ill-health from serving in the French Army, secured the post of interpreter to the Royal Scots Greys in August 1914, and proved himself invaluable as a *liaison* officer. In that capacity he obtained an unusually extensive view of the Western Front campaign, and his story is all the more vivid because he saw the war with the eye of an artist. As Mr. Churchill tells us: "Sergeant Maze became, in the words of Sir William Robertson, 'an institution.' He was unique and indefinable. . . . Year after year, battle after battle, wherever the volcano erupted most fiercely . . . thither (he)

work, War, Politics, and Medicine. The memoirs were completed, we learn, at the end of 1930, but even footnotes, added to bring certain passages up to date, were written as far back as December 1933, although the book has only just appeared. The author is a firm believer in Germany's war guilt and in the continuance of her aggressive aims under the Hitler régime. He denounces, among other things, the recent trend of British policy, the inadequacy of our air defences, the Feminist movement, and "puritan" obstruction to certain medical measures proposed in the interests of public health. "At the end of the sixteen years covered by these memoirs," he concludes, "I still believe as confidently as in 1914 that the principles that are vital to our national existence, development and prosperity, are protection of our frontiers, our industries, our employment, our racial characteristics, and our health; and that these desirable ends will best be reached by strengthening our air arm, our inter-Imperial trade, our class co-operation, and our laws in respect of aliens and preventive medicine."

War-time reminiscences are only incidental in a new book by another medical autobiographer, who has already proved himself a master of anecdote, namely: "A TIME

TO KEEP." By Halliday Sutherland, author of "The Arches of the Years" (Bles; 10s. 6d.). This new volume should be equally popular, and, on the whole, I like it even better than its predecessor. Dr. Halliday's work has been compared to Dr. Axel Munthe's "Story of San Michele," and certainly they both illustrate the fact that a doctor makes one of the best of raconteurs. Dr. Sutherland glides from one entertaining topic to another with consummate skill, and his range of subject is extremely wide. There are some serious passages, too, on religious and other matters, and one incident, though described lightly enough, might easily have cut short his career. He was visiting a new cruiser undergoing gunnery trials, "because her Commander and I had been shipmates in the first year of the War," and was engrossed in after-lunch talk with a naval surgeon. "I was half-way up the companion ladder," he writes, "when something invisible and strong as a Poltergeist struck me a terrific blow on the face and chest. This threw me backwards . . . and together we fell down the ladder in the midst of a deafening noise. Bruised, but not otherwise injured, we rose, and found ourselves deaf for the moment. . . . Good thing no one saw that," I said; "they'd think we'd had too much port." "Good thing for you that you hadn't reached the deck," he answered. "Why?" "Heavens, if you're anywhere near the muzzle of a twelve-inch gun, the blast will blow your head off." "What? Decapitate?" "Yes, decapitate."

The greatest shipwreck in history—at any rate, in time of peace—provides the title of a marine officer's recollections—"TITANIC AND OTHER SHIPS." By Commander Lightoller. With Portrait Frontispiece (Ivor Nicholson; 7s. 6d.). The author was the only officer saved when the great liner sank, after striking ice, on her maiden voyage. When all the boats had been got away, he dived into the sea, and, after an amazing escape from drowning and the crash of a falling funnel, eventually reached a collapsible boat and was picked up by one of the *Carpathia*'s lifeboats. His authentic account of the disaster is grimly dramatic and intensely moving. Two points in his narrative stand out—the wireless warning of ice ahead that would have saved the ship but was never communicated to the bridge, and the failure of a passing vessel, which might have effected a rescue, to respond to signals of distress. I remember well the moment when, walking along the Embankment, I first saw a newspaper placard with the incredible words—"Titanic Sinking." A relative of mine was on board, and did not survive. Although the *Titanic* tragedy dominates the book, it occupies a comparatively small proportion of space in the tale of an adventurous seafaring career, which began in sailing-ships and includes, towards the end, a period with the Navy during the war.

C. E. B.



A MOTHER RHINOCEROS, TO PROTECT HER CALF (TOP RIGHT) TROTTERING BEHIND, CHARGING A MOTOR-CAR IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK: THE ANGRY PACHYDERM, WITH HEAD LOWERED TO BRING THE HORNS INTO ACTION, JUST BEFORE THE IMPACT (ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE).

The alarming experience of a motorist whose car was charged by an angry rhinoceros, accompanied by her calf, in the Kruger National Park, South Africa, is described under the other two illustrations of the incident given on the opposite page. The above photograph shows an intermediate stage of the big pachyderm's onset. It says much for the motorist's nerve that he was able, in the circumstances, to bring his camera into play.—[Photograph by Wolfgang Weber.]

made his way, and thence his 'seeing eye' and recording notebook brought back calm, trustworthy, lucid, and increasingly experienced information. . . . Not the least of our author's risks . . . was to be taken for a spy. . . . By the orders of a British Divisional General, he was actually being led out to summary execution by the firing-party, and was saved only by the chance passage through the village of the Royal Scots Greys, one of whose officers recognised him as their vanished interpreter." This happened during the retreat from Mons. In telling the tale himself, M. Maze recalls that one of his guards, a Scot, said to him: "Dinna worry—if ye're a spy, ye'll be shot allrecht; if ye're no, ye willna be." M. Maze was four times wounded, and we leave him, four years later, in hospital at Havre, within 200 yards of the spot where he had first watched the British transports land their troops. To my mind, this book is one of the best among the personal war reminiscences.

In the next volume on this week's list, we see the war and the subsequent peace from yet another point of view—that of a medical man, who served first in the Navy and then in the Army, and afterwards entered politics. He tells his experiences, and (especially in the political section) his opinions, with forceful candour, in "TRIPLE CHALLENGE"; or, War, Whirligigs and Windmills. By Hugh Wansey Bayly, M.C. A Doctor's Memoirs of the Years 1914 to 1929. With seventeen illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.). The title is appropriate, for the author's attitude in general is challenging and critical. The word "triple" refers to the three sections of his

A RHINOCEROS CHARGES A MOTOR-CAR—IN FEAR FOR HER CALF.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WOLFGANG WEBER. (SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATION OPPOSITE.)

IN the Kruger National Park, South Africa, there is a certain section of road with a notice-board, set up for the benefit of motorists and other travellers, bearing the inscription: "Beware of Rhino." Describing the experiences there of a motorist named Wolfgang Weber, who took the above photographs, a French writer says: "The rhinoceros is surely the least sociable wayfarer whom one could meet. On one occasion, a female rhinoceros, followed by her calf, was surprised by the unexpected approach of a motor-car. Believing, perhaps, that there was no time to escape, and wishing to protect her little one, she pawed the ground and then charged the vehicle with great vigour. The shock of the impact was slightly

[Continued on right.]



A FORMIDABLE TYPE OF PEDESTRIAN ENCOUNTERED BY A MOTORIST IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, SOUTH AFRICA: A FEMALE RHINOCEROS, WITH HER CALF, CHARGING THE CAR, TO WHOSE RADIATOR HAD BEEN FIXED A SPARE WHEEL (RIGHT FOREGROUND).



THE MOMENT OF IMPACT: THE MOTHER RHINOCEROS, CHARGING HEAD DOWNWARD AT THE BONNET OF THE CAR, BATTERS IN THE RADIATOR AND THE SPARE WHEEL WHICH, FORTUNATELY FOR THE MOTORIST, HAD BEEN ATTACHED TO IT.

deadened by a spare wheel which, for want of room to carry it elsewhere, had been fixed in front of the radiator. All the same, the radiator was stove in, and the car was seriously damaged. There is no doubt that photographs of this sort, even from a sporting as well as a documentary point of view, are more interesting than the effect of a good rifle-shot. In any case, they serve to authenticate encounters which, without such evidence, might seem to have been borrowed from the hunting exploits of the Baron de Crac." M. de Crac, we may add, is the hero of a French operetta, and the equivalent of Baron Munchausen. An intermediate moment during the charge of the mother rhinoceros is illustrated on the opposite page.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

PORTRAITS IN A MIRROR.

THE purpose of the playwright is not only to tell a story but to discover the characters moving in that story, and reveal them in the mirror of the stage. The story is a medium which has its own interest, but the logic of plot alone will not create the pulse of life. What essentially matters is that our sympathies shall be enlisted as well as our intellects engaged, and so, as each figure comes into the scene, the dialogue and action must establish their place and their identity. To concentrate on the detail of incident at the expense of the detail in character is to rob the play of validity, for all we get in such a case is the sense that the action before us is being manoeuvred.

Mr. Jan Fabricsius's play, "At 8 a.m.," comes dangerously near this pitfall, not because he cannot mirror and establish his characters, but because in this instance his pre-occupation with the plot has led him to throw into his central theme a melodramatic situation which we cannot accept. His subject, which is indicated by his title, is capital punishment, but it is confused by a second interest in the relationship of the prison Governor's wife with the prisoner. It is true that in life the long arm of coincidence reaches far, but in the theatre, which must satisfy us by its plausibility, coincidence threatens acceptance. The time is too short, the scope too circumscribed, for the full elaboration which will make a convincing amalgam of these disconnected themes. Its ultimate result on the stage is to undermine the truth of the portrait just where the strain is heaviest. There is a fine veracity in Miss Marda Vanne's performance in her study of the Governor's wife, and she communicates through the greater part of the play all the truth that is in the part; but not even her skilful and sympathetic handling of the situation in the prison cell can make us believe, first, that in reality she would ever find herself there, or, being there, she would behave as the playwright demands she must. So, too, with Mr. Wyndham Goldie, who gives to the Governor that restraint and command which compel us to believe in him, but who cannot save the portrait from oddness when, at the close, he is required to shirk what is his obvious duty. We know that the typical Governor of a prison—and it is the merit of the description that here is a typical portrait—would not allow sentiment to alter the strict course of duty.

In Mr. Norman Ginsburg's play, "Viceroy Sarah," at the Whitehall, we are presented with portraits in a mirror not so much of historical detail as of individual anecdote, for, wisely, the author has chosen to put his characters in opposition, and we are less concerned with the fuller explanations of history than in the revelations they make themselves. It must be admitted that in places the author's resource flags and the plot is thin, but the decorative setting and

period atmosphere cover these defects with a picturesque blanket. But one portrait has all the authenticity of history, or, at any rate, is so convincing in its drawing that we feel no other drawing could be true. This poor

Queen Anne of Miss Barbara Everest, racked with gout, fussing over her jewels, petulant and peevish, with an ear for every newcomer, is brilliantly alive, and she is the target of the two women who would control her. How formidable, how keen, how masterful is the strategy of Mrs. Masham which Miss Olga Lindo gives us! But the focus of our attention is Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Viceroy Sarah. No one admires her art more than I do, and in her scenes of comedy she shows again what a queen of comedy she is, for every line has its point, every gesture its swift understanding. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, has moments of furious rage as well as of comedy; and the frown does not sit easily on Miss Vanbrugh's brow. When that key is depressed—and it is the fault of the author that it is played almost to the point of monotony—the flaws are apparent. Sometimes,

that, in spite of the episodic development, unity is achieved in the central character—a melancholy dreamer—so well depicted by Mr. Hedley Briggs. Spanning the seven ages of Jaques' epitome of the life of man, it enlivens its scenes from cradle to grave with delightful comedy and happy, caustic observation, and manages to snapshot its minor figures so neatly and clearly that we feel we know their untold history. I think this is the great virtue of "Barnet's Folly," at the Haymarket, for, though it is equally fantastic, we can accept its figures. These portraits are reflected in a kindly mirror; a rural, idyllic glow attaches to the West Country of Devon that Mr. Jan Stewer has frankly accepted. Nobody believes Devon to be anything but what he describes it, though we may know that such a farm never existed off-stage. But what does it matter when the jokes amuse and the story interests, and the characters, in their fantastic environment, behave so naturally? Mr. Jan Stewer, who is both author and actor, is happy as the cowman on the farm where Mr. Herbert Lomas, in gaiters, creates a farmer who, in spite of his farcical behaviour, is genuine. Then there is Miss Muriel Ake with her dry interruptions; Miss May Agate with her mouth full of proverbs; Miss Jane Harwood, who so charmingly and delicately wins our hearts in a performance that reveals a young actress of rare promise, and the little contributions to unlikely events by Miss Mary Jerrold and Mr. Reginald Tate. Every character not only serves the plot, but brings to the story a portrait that we enjoy.

At the Globe, Mr. Hubert Griffith's adaptation of the Viennese comedy, "Youth at the Helm," dances with the theme of Big Business, and bluffs its way into our fancy, not by any realistic description of banking but by a battery of witty ideas in action. The cool hero of the play stampedes the Big Five into an enterprise that only his own imagination, enterprise, and "cheek" create, and out of nothing he sets the wheels turning; and, crowning all, he weds the director's lovely daughter. Again the plot, so lightly sketched, gives no conception of the sparkle of the dialogue, the invention of the incident, and the suggestive ideas that pack the play. Nor does it indicate the neatly contrasted characters, so well portrayed by a team headed by Mr. Owen Nares, who enrich the adventure with finished performances that give this fertile, witty,



"YOUTH AT THE HELM," AT THE GLOBE: OWEN NARES AS RANDOLPH WARRENDER, THE YOUNG MAN WHO HOAXES THE BANK DIRECTORS—WITH KAY HAMMOND (LEFT) AS DOROTHY WILSON, A TYPIST AT THE BANK; AND ADELE DIXON AS YVONNE, THE CHAIRMAN'S DAUGHTER, WHOM HE EVENTUALLY MARRIES.

Randolph Warrender, a resourceful young man, hoaxes the directors of a bank into floating a bogus company, and makes a position for himself in the bank. Eventually, in spite of some extremely awkward moments, his scheme turns out well and his success is crowned by the hand of the bank chairman's daughter.

however, she wheedles and weeps, and laughs and wins us with smiles, and then Viceroy Sarah is human once more and the portrait pleases with its graces.

I found much to praise in Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson's play, "The Seven Deadly Virtues," at the Gate Theatre, and, while space will not permit me to analyse its biographical narrative, it is germane to this topic to note



"VICEROY SARAH": QUEEN ANNE (BARBARA EVEREST) SUFFERING AGONIES WHILE A SHOE IS BEING FORCED ON TO A GOUTY FOOT UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MRS. MASHAM (OLGA LINDO), THE FAVOURITE WHO DEPRIVED SARAH CHURCHILL OF HER INFLUENCE AT COURT.



"VICEROY SARAH," AT THE WHITEHALL: SARAH CHURCHILL (IRENE VANBRUGH), IN ONE OF HER MOMENTS OF UNGOVERNABLE FURY, BREAKS A PRECIOUS CHINA VASE; TO THE HORROR OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH (ROBERT RENDEL) AND THEIR FOUR DAUGHTERS.

"Viceroy Sarah" is a most entertaining play, in which the action is woven round the intrigues that rent the Court of "Good Queen Anne." Alas! that royal personage is seen to be somewhat weak-natured, bibulous, and not at all an impressive figure, a martyr to gout!

entertaining, and shrewdly-designed comedy an edge which sharpens an evening with pleasure.

But the full-length portrait by Mr. Leslie Banks in "The Man of Yesterday," at the St. Martin's, is masterly in its delineation. This figure of Brett suffering from complete amnesia is flung into the world of to-day and cannot adjust himself. All the efforts of the specialist, so perfectly drawn by Mr. C. V. France, fail to wake him to his responsibilities, and we see his reactions faced with wife and friend, and nothing fills the blank. The plot may raise its analytical difficulties when the curtain is down, but so valid are the portraits, so sincere is the performance, that we do not challenge the situation. There is something lovely in the surrender of the nurse, so drawn by Miss Ann Todd that we welcome the happy conclusion.

ACTRESSES FOR UNDER-WATER PLAYS. "MERMAIDS" IN TRAINING BELOW THE SEA'S SURFACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF J. E. WILLIAMSON.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A SUBMARINE STUDIO WHILE IN TRAINING FOR APPEARANCES IN UNDER-WATER PHOTO-PLAYS: AN ACTRESS "MERMAID" SINKING TO THE SEA-BED AIDED BY A LEAD WEIGHT.



A ROMANTIC MEETING IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA: A "MERMAID" ASSISTED IN HER TRAINING BY ONE OF THE DIVERS EMPLOYED TO GUIDE AND PROTECT THE ACTRESSES WHO ARE LEARNING THEIR WORK.



AN ACTRESS "MERMAID" WITH WRECKAGE AS STAGE SETTING: A STUDY TAKEN DURING A REHEARSAL BY A PHOTOGRAPHER IN A SUNKEN, PORT-HOLED STUDIO.

Mr. J. E. Williamson, the well-known explorer and photographer, sends us these very interesting "stills" of actresses training for appearances in his under-water photo-plays. When taking ciné-photographs below the surface of the sea, Mr. Williamson is seated in his "photo-sphere," a globular steel chamber which is at the end of a long, metallic, flexible, telescopic tube and is so "port-holed" that his movie-camera has a wide field of vision. With the photographs reproduced above is the following note: "These girls are down in the open sea in the tropics (West Indies), where there is the ever-present menace of sharks, barracudas, and so forth. In training them for their unique work, I have found that weeks of trial trips below, often with several divers in the offing to guide and protect them, are

needed to give the diving girls poise and confidence and teach them to keep their eyes open, look pleasant, and, most important, to learn to swim without kicking frog-fashion. They must also get accustomed to the water-pressure at five or six fathoms. One of my under-sea beauties was a gem of the ocean in her sea-bed setting, but once in a while she would shoot to the surface in pain. The ruins of a wreck were infested with porcupine creatures equipped with spurs some six inches long, tipped with poison. The girl was getting these spurs into her hands and legs. But one of our native divers came to the rescue. He suggested that we carry down bags of salt and empty them into the water. Though the water was extremely saline, the additional salt caused the sea-urchins to crawl away."

In the following article, Captain Rattray traces the history of the famous Golden Stool of Ashanti, and describes the remains of the original stool, with its accessories, as privately shown to him in 1923. These remains—a handful of decayed wood—have since, he says, formed the nucleus of a new Stool. He points out that the Golden Stool, which is not regarded as a throne, but as a sacred shrine containing the soul of the people, has never been lost or surrendered by the Ashanti, but was kept in concealment. Consequently, it is incorrect to say that it was "restored" to them at the recent ceremony at Kumasi on January 31, when Prempeh II. was formally installed by Sir Arnold Hodson, Governor of the Gold Coast, on behalf of the King, as the first Asantehene (King of Ashanti) under the British Government. The ceremony was really the restoration of the old Ashanti Confederacy.

THE full story of the Golden Stool of Ashanti is one of the romances of African colonial administration. As far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century, a simple wooden stool became the symbol of Ashanti national unity and spiritual existence. Wars were waged around it, and fought to gain possession of it. As late as 1900, an English Governor demanded its surrender in the name of Queen Victoria. The demand was immediately followed by a declaration of war on the part of the Ashanti, who, only a few years previously, had calmly submitted to the banishment of their King, rather than risk the loss of the Stool. As a result of this campaign, Ashanti was annexed and the monarchy abolished. But the Golden Stool remained as intangible and as mysteriously elusive as ever. Nothing was heard of it for almost a quarter of a century. Then suddenly it made its reappearance in dramatic fashion.

A new road was being made through the forest; a workman's pickaxe disclosed a buried box. Some old Ashanti who had for days been hovering round the workmen, and had already vainly tried to persuade the overseer to take another line for the projected road, rushed up, shouting that the chest contained "the spirit of small-pox." So the workmen fled, and in the night this box was dug up and removed to a new hiding-place. Actually

seconded to study West African customs and beliefs. One of his first discoveries was that the Golden Stool had never been regarded by the Ashanti as a mere royal throne, or kingly seat, but was thought of by them as a sacred shrine—not to be sat upon—which contained, literally, "the soul of the Ashanti people" (*oman sunsum*). As soon as these facts were made known, the British Government took steps to announce that England would not again demand the surrender of the Golden Stool.



THE GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST SIGNING THE ARTICLES ESTABLISHING PREMPEH II. AS THE FIRST ASANTEHENE (KING OF ASHANTI) UNDER BRITISH RULE: SIR ARNOLD HODSON (SEATED, CENTRE) IN THE CEREMONY AT KUMASI ON JANUARY 31.

Many persons, who possibly never heard of Ashanti or of the Golden Stool, must have had their curiosity aroused during the past weeks by numerous references to both in the Press. I have noted, with mixed feelings, that my friends, the Ashanti, are sometimes described as "head-hunters"; I have read of the "crowning" of the new King, "seated upon the Golden Stool." Even the great *Times* seems to have been caught nodding, for in large headlines it proclaims the "restoration"—that is, "the giving back"—of this emblem, which, even in the blackest days of their tribulation, the Ashanti never once lost and never once surrendered.

I have just turned up an old diary, and under the date Thursday, May 10, 1923, I find the following entry: "To-day I was secretly shown the Golden Stool of Ashanti—the proudest day of my life. . . ." Since that date (and perhaps not wholly uninfluenced by all that brief entry implied), West African politics have moved apace. The first step forward, following the new confidence engendered on both sides by the declaration of non-interference regarding the Stool, was the return of ex-King Prempeh from exile in 1924. He had been banished since 1896, after what was known as "the cease-fire" expedition.

Prempeh, however, did not come back to Ashanti as "King," but

only as "Chief of Kumasi." Had Prempeh lived, there is little doubt in my own mind that he would have become *de jure*, no less than *de facto*, King. He was, in fact, regarded by all Ashanti as *Asante Hene*, although this title was not officially recognised by us. Prempeh was a great African. He was a good example of the African's wonderful adaptability to violent changes of environment or of altered circumstances. He left Kumasi when that place was not much more than an African township of wattle and daub. There, as a young man, he must often have witnessed those scenes which, a century ago, made Bowdich so grateful that he "belonged to a civilised country."

When Prempeh returned, to what had once been known as "the city of blood," he was a cultured, elderly gentleman, who took his place at the head of the Kumasi town council, and his old capital had become almost a city, with many fine and imposing buildings. I met Prempeh twice; once when he and sixty thousand

THE GOLDEN STOOL OF ASHANTI.

A SACRED SHRINE REGARDED AS A SYMBOL OF THE NATION'S SOUL, AND NEVER LOST OR SURRENDERED: ITS TRUE HISTORY—A ROMANCE OF AFRICAN COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION.

By CAPT. R. S. RATTRAY, C.B.E., D.Sc (Oxon), formerly Provincial Commissioner, Colonial Civil Service, Gold Coast; Author of "Ashanti," "Religion and Art in Ashanti," "Ashanti Law and Constitution," and "The Tribes of the Ashanti Hinterland."

Ashantis assembled to welcome my little Moth aeroplane, as it swooped down on Kumasi, which, from a great height, looked like a small brown patch in a sea of green.

I met him again on my way home, after my last "tour." I mention all this to show the extraordinary changes that have come over men and places in West Africa in a short generation. But one thing has not changed, and that is the Ashanti's reverence for this shrine of "their national soul."

By the strangest of strange coincidences, the name of the English Governor who somewhat thoughtlessly demanded the surrender of the Stool in 1900, and the name of his Majesty's representative who formally installed the new King a few days ago, are almost identical—a happy omen, we all hope. The Golden Stool, almost unheard of except in purely West African circles, has thus leapt again into sudden prominence. Photographs alleged to be of this Stool appear in many of our illustrated papers. Everyone is asking about it. Some account, therefore, from perhaps the only white man who ever saw, or ever will see, the old original Golden Stool may thus have not only a topical but an historical interest. I do not think I am betraying a secret I have thought fit to keep for ten years. The old greybeard is now dead who, because he believed I had the Ashanti cause at heart, revealed to me, a solitary individual, what armies had tried in vain to discover. His action in taking the tremendous responsibility he did take in showing me the Stool contributed, I hope, towards the happy ending we now all acclaim. That, I consider, is a complete justification so far as my dear old friend's

action is concerned.

The following is a brief account of what I actually saw. I have only omitted the names of the places and persons involved.

We were in a room, lighted only through the open doorway, which contained, as its almost sole article of furniture, a round table, about three feet in diameter, standing on four bent legs and covered with a piece of red carpet, with some faded design upon it. On top of this table were arranged three bells, all different sizes, the largest about 8 in. high, another about 5 in. high, and the third much smaller; these bells were bee-hive shaped, with a small circular knob on top, with a hole.

I was later informed that two of these bells were brass, and the third gold. All were so thickly covered with congealed blood that it was quite impossible to see of what metal they were made. These bells were partly resting on, what resembled an old piece of hoop-iron which, I was told, had once held the central piece of the old wooden stool together. Against the smallest of the three bells leaned a gold mask of *Edinkira*, the famous King of Gyaman, whom the Ashanti had once defeated. I did not see the death mask of Sir Charles McCarthy, possibly because my friends did not wish to hurt my feelings, but I was

(Continued on page 358.)



KING PREMPEH II. OF ASHANTI (MARKED WITH A CROSS AND STANDING NEAR THE MICROPHONE), NEPHEW OF THE LATE KING PREMPEH I., DURING HIS INSTALLATION AS THE FIRST ASANTEHENE UNDER THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT: AN INCIDENT OF THE RECENT CEREMONY AT KUMASI, SHOWING THE INTERPRETER READING AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF PREMPEH'S SPEECH OF WELCOME TO THE GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST—TRANSMITTED TO LONDON FOR BROADCASTING.

it contained what was left of the original Golden Stool, along with the other insignia inseparably connected with it. Other Ashantis came to hear of its new hiding-place. The massive gold bells, the gold masks, the golden fetters which, among other articles, comprised the regalia of the Stool, roused the cupidity of certain men. Some of these gold ornaments were stolen and offered for sale; rumours began to be circulated; the whole of Ashanti was roused; another Ashanti rising seemed imminent.

It was now that not the least dramatic element in this strange story took place. The British Chief Commissioner, Mr. (later Sir Charles) Harper, with complete understanding and rare sympathy, informed the great chiefs of Ashanti that their own countrymen who had desecrated the Stool in the manner described would be handed over to them for trial. These Ashanti chiefs proved themselves well worthy of this confidence, and conducted a state trial with absolute fairness and great self-restraint. The delinquents were banished, and the tension relaxed. It may now well be asked why the British Government did not embrace the opportunity seemingly offered, again to demand the Stool, and thus, once for all, remove possible cause of future unrest?

The answer to this question offers, perhaps, one of the best examples of the value of anthropology in our dealings with our subjects in Africa and elsewhere. Some time before the events narrated, an officer had been specially



"THE GOLDEN STOOL OF ASHANTI" (WITH ACCESSORY REGALIA) AS NOW SHOWN—A NATIVE RECONSTRUCTION OF AN OBJECT REGARDED NOT AS A MERE THRONE, BUT AS A SACRED SHRINE, CONTAINING "THE SOUL OF THE ASHANTI PEOPLE." (SEEN LYING UPON ITS SIDE—TO PREVENT ANY WANDERING SPIRIT FROM SITTING UPON IT—WITH THE TOP FACING THE CAMERA.)

BREAD AND COW-BELLS: A "CARNIVAL" DISTRIBUTION ON ASH WEDNESDAY.



AN ODD ASH WEDNESDAY CUSTOM IN A SWISS TOWN: DISTRIBUTORS IN CARNIVAL DRESS AND MASKS THROWING AND HANDING FREE BREAD TO THE PEOPLE OF EINSIEDELN.



ABOUT TO ROUSE THE INHABITANTS OF EINSIEDELN FOR THE ASH WEDNESDAY BREAD DISTRIBUTION: MASKED REVELLERS WITH THE HUGE COW-BELLS WHICH THEY RING THROUGH THE TOWN.

ASH WEDNESDAY, the first day of Lent, falls on March 6, and, in consequence, the Swiss custom illustrated here has topical interest. At Einsiedeln there is a carnival and a distribution of bread on the date in question. Men with huge cow-bells go round the town to arouse the inhabitants; and meanwhile, the bread to be given away has been brought from the bakers. Mounted on platforms, the distributors, who are in carnival dress, throw the loaves and rolls with accurate aim into the outstretched hands of the crowd. Usually, the distribution takes place at one or more centres, and the journey from one point to another is the excuse and the opportunity for merry-making and dancing, and, thanks to the cow-bells, for sustained campanology. The custom retains its popularity—the rich getting the fun and the less well-to-do the bread.



INTRODUCING THE FESTIVE SPIRIT INTO THE ASH WEDNESDAY BREAD DISTRIBUTION AT EINSIEDELN: A "DISTRIBUTOR" WHO IS HALF "JESTER" AND HALF "PIERROT."

THE ROYAL HONEYMOON TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES:

THE DUKE AND
DUCHESS OF KENT
ABOARD SHIP
AND ASHORE
IN TRINIDAD.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT ON THE BRIDGE OF THE LINER "DUCHESS OF RICHMOND," WITH CAPTAIN A. ROTHWELL: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE VOYAGE, OFF TRINIDAD.



BESIDE THE SWIMMING-POOL ON BOARD THE LINER, ON THE DAY BEFORE SHE REACHED TRINIDAD: THE DUKE OF KENT (AT THE EXTREME LEFT) READY FOR A DIP.



JUST BEFORE THE START OF THEIR SHARK-HUNTING EXPEDITION: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT (BOTH WEARING DARK GLASSES FOR PROTECTION FROM THE SUN) IN TRINIDAD.



ON THE FAMOUS PITCH LAKE IN TRINIDAD: THE DUCHESS OF KENT (WEARING SUN-GLASSES) WITH COLONEL A. S. MAVROGORDATO, INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE TRINIDAD CONSTABULARY.



THE ROYAL COUPLE DURING THEIR SEVEN DAYS' STAY IN TRINIDAD: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT ON THE LAWN OUTSIDE THEIR HOTEL IN PORT OF SPAIN.



TRINIDAD SOCIETY TURNS OUT IN GREAT FORCE TO MEET THE ROYAL VISITORS. A PROCESSION OF GUESTS ARRIVING AT THE ENTRANCE OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE FOR THE GOVERNOR'S GARDEN PARTY, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT SHOOK HANDS WITH OVER TWELVE HUNDRED PEOPLE.



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TRINIDAD: (L. TO R.) SEATED—LADY HOLLIS, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT, AND SIR CLAUD HOLLIS (GOVERNOR); STANDING—SIR CLAUD'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER, MAJ. HUMPHREY-BUTLER (EQUERRY), MISS CHRISTIAN HOLLIS, AND CAPT. BATTY-SMITH (A.D.C.).

The Duke and Duchess of Kent arrived at Port of Spain, Trinidad, in the Canadian Pacific liner "Duchess of Richmond," on February 6, and spent a week in the island. Among the festivities arranged in their honour was a garden party given by the Governor, Sir Claud Hollis, and Lady Hollis, at Government House. On the 10th they had a great reception as they drove through the streets in an open car. Later, they went shark-hunting in an open motor-launch among the Bocas Islands, north-west of Trinidad, but, although they saw many

sharks, they did not succeed in harpooning any. After dinner they visited a cinema theatre and saw a film of their own wedding. On February 13 they left Trinidad by air, and flew to San Juan, Puerto Rico, via the Windward and Leeward Islands. Next day they travelled by seaplane 400 miles across the ocean to Port au Prince, Haiti. Thence they flew to Jamaica, landing at the Kingston aerodrome on February 16. They expect to arrive on March 6 at Nassau, in the Bahamas, for a visit of a fortnight or more.



THE FIRST AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMOUS KAIETEUR WATERFALL IN BRITISH GUIANA—THE HIGHEST MAJOR FALL IN THE WORLD. THE RIVER POTARO PLUNGING OVER A CURVING LIP.



THE KAIETEUR FALL SEEN FROM THE LEVEL OF THE SUMMIT: A 750-FOOT CASCADE, ITS FOOT SHROUDED IN VAPOUR.



"PRINCESS MARINA FALL": A PRETTY CASCADE, WHICH, IT IS HOPED, MAY BE OFFICIALLY GRACED WITH THE NAME OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT; AT THE TIME OF WHOSE WEDDING IT WAS DISCOVERED.

During the last few months, the geological survey recently instituted in British Guiana by the Colonial Office has availed itself of opportunities of testing aerial methods of reconnaissance mapping. Photographs were taken of the high sandstone escarpment that runs diagonally across the colony and yields the diamonds in the creeks in the forested lowlands at the base of the scarp. The famous Kaieteur Fall was flown over. The Potaro River here plunges over an overhanging ledge of sandstone to form an unbroken fall 750 feet high (five times the height of Niagara)



AMAILA FALL EXAMINED FROM THE AIR: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE DENSE FOREST COUNTRY IN BRITISH GUIANA, WHICH RENDERS AERIAL SURVEY HIGHLY ADVANTAGEOUS.

and about 300 feet wide. Although it is the highest of the major falls of the world, it remains comparatively unknown, for until recently there had been no easy means of reaching it. Other falls over the escarpment were photographed, including a very pretty fall which, as it was located at the time of the wedding of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent, may be named "Princess Marina Fall." Permission to do this has been sought. The flights were made through the courtesy of Mr. A. J. Williams in a Wasp Ireland amphibian.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CONCERNING LEMURS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IN preparing a presidential address, which I shall be called upon to deliver presently, I have been striving to find a more convincing interpretation than that which is current to-day of the striking differences which are to be found, both in plants and animals, in the matter of their outstanding structural features, when closely related groups, genera, families, or species come to be compared.

It was held, years ago, that they could be explained by Darwin's Theory of Natural Selection, now supposed by some to be an exploded theory. This, however, is by no means true. But its importance has been obscured because it unfortunately came to be regarded as an entirely sufficient explanation of every aspect of evolution which seemed to require an explanation. Its adherents interpreted structures which did not seem to be satisfactorily accounted for as "correlated variations," and the fact that they could not say how and why this correlation came into

gave a brief summary of those strange insects known as "mallophaga," or "feather-lice." They live among the feathers of birds, and they feed upon those feathers. Surely no "environment" could be more uniform, both as to their physical environment and their food. Yet they have burgeoned out into some 177 very distinct species, differing, in no uncertain way, both in size and shape. The "environment" should have produced uniformity, not diversity.

And now, as touching the lemurs, whether they are distant relations, as some believe, of the anthropoids—monkeys, apes, and man—or whether they should be regarded as a group by themselves, is not, in relation to what I have here to say of them, a matter of importance. Suffice it to say that these creatures have their headquarters to-day in Madagascar, where thirty-six of the fifty known species are to be found, though they have extended that range into Africa as far west as Senegambia, and into the Oriental region as far east as the Philippine Islands. But these migrants have departed widely from the parent stock, both in the matter of size and form. They are all, however, forest-dwellers, and spend their life in trees. Hence, then, they share a like environment. Some, no doubt, will contend that the forests of Southern India and Ceylon, or of the Gaboon in Africa, must differ materially as an environmental complex from the forests of Madagascar. This might indeed seem a very cogent line of reasoning, but for the fact that, within Madagascar itself, the range in coloration and structure is striking.

The best-known of this tribe is the "ring-tailed lemur," or so-called "Madagascar cat," though it is not in the slightest degree related to the cats! It is the species so commonly seen in Zoological Gardens, since, fortunately, it thrives in captivity. But it differs from all its congeners in its preference for rocks and bushes, rather than gloomy forests. It is said, however, to live in troops in the forests of the south-western parts of the island. In the matter of its coloration, it stands in strong contrast with the ruffed lemur, the largest of the tribe. This, however, is also remarkable in the matter of coloration, which by no means always takes the form of large areas of black on a white ground, as seen in Fig. 1. For not uncommonly this coloration is of a reddish-brown, a variation apparently depending neither on sex nor age. Whether the conspicuous rings of black and white play the part of "concealing coloration" when the animal, at rest, coils the tail around the body, is a point which can only be decided by observations made on the creature in its native haunts.

There is nothing in the general appearance of these two animals which would lead one to suppose that they were arboreal. The ruffed lemur is intensively so, the ring-tailed species not in a part of its range. But in the foot of the red-fronted lemur we do find evidence of the effect on the hand of persistent climbing activities, for the "ball" of the last joint of the fingers is spread out into a disc-shaped pad, such as would afford a much better grip of branches than that possessed by the ruffed lemur. Now here is a point which has a distinct bearing on the theme of environment, with which I began this essay. If these pads are to be attributed to the effects of the "environment," why

has this not produced like pads in all the species of the tribe? As a matter of fact, the environment as such has had nothing to do with the matter. They are, on the other hand, most interesting and instructive



1. THE RUFFED LEMUR: THE LARGEST OF THE TRUE LEMURS, WHICH SHOWS REMARKABLE VARIATIONS IN COLORATION—SOME INDIVIDUALS BEING OF A REDDISH-BROWN COLOUR, OTHERS HAVING BLACK PATCHES ON A WHITE GROUND.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

being did not worry them. To-day we have the "Mendelians," who would have us believe that in the "chromosomes" of the growing cells we have what we have all been seeking.

In time, perhaps, we shall come to see that there are many agencies at work in shaping the course of evolution. Natural Selection, Embryology, and Mendelism are but three. We shall not begin to grasp the nature of the part each plays until we get rid of the pernicious effects of concentrating all our energies in the trend of our investigations on one trail alone. I cannot, in the space of a single essay, attempt, even in broad outline, to give what seems to me, after nearly fifty years' intensive study of widely different groups of the animal kingdom and of plants, both in the field and on the dissecting table, a more reasonable interpretation of some of these aspects of evolution, but I can give the drift of my contentions by taking the case of the evolution of the lemurs.

It is commonly held among zoologists that the "environment" plays a most important part in evolution. "Natural Selection" is supposed to eliminate all plants and animals which cannot meet the conditions imposed by their "environment," whether animate or inanimate; and, so long as we do not push this theory to a critical test, it seems reasonable enough. Now recently, it may be remembered, I



3. THE RING-TAILED LEMUR, OR "MADAGASCAR CAT": A SPECIES WHICH, UNLIKE THE MAJORITY OF ITS TRIBE, IS FREQUENTLY FOUND AMONG ROCKS AND BUSHES.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

witnesses of a subtly different, or inherent, quality of the tissues of this part of the body, which responds differently to the stimuli set up in the ball of the finger when gripping hold of branches. Instances of this kind show that structural modifications and peculiarities must proceed from within the body, and are not forced on it from without by the "environment" or any other external agency.

We find the same rule applying when we turn to another group of the lemur tribe, forming the sub-family *Indrissinae*. Larger than the typical lemurs, they differ further in having longer hind-legs and no tails, or, at any rate, no more than the vestige of a tail. They are also arboreal. What use do the long-tailed members of the tribe make of their tails when climbing? Have the longer legs of the Indris, and its near relations, usurped the function of the tail? Until careful observation has been made of the tailed and the tailless forms in their native forests, we shall, I think, find no answer to this question.

These creatures, again, differ conspicuously from the true lemurs in that they will not live long in captivity. And here again we have evidence of the existence of internal qualities of tissues which are not imposed by the environment. I propose, in the not distant future, to return to this theme of the lemurs, because it includes some very remarkable creatures which at first sight bear no likeness whatever to this tribe. I hope, then, to find space to

say something of the remarkable fossil lemurs of Madagascar discovered and described by my old friend the late Dr. Forsyth Major, as well as of their geographical range in past times, for this was vastly greater than now.



2. A PRINT OF THE SOLE OF THE FOOT OF THE RED-FRONTED LEMUR; SHOWING THE SINGULAR EXPANSIONS OF THE ENDS OF THE FINGERS, AND THE LARGE PADS ON THE PALM OF THE HAND, BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE UNUSUALLY FIRM GRIP ON THE BOUGHS THESE CREATURES TAKE WHEN CLIMBING.

NOTABLE EVENTS IN THE ANIMAL WORLD: RECENT HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



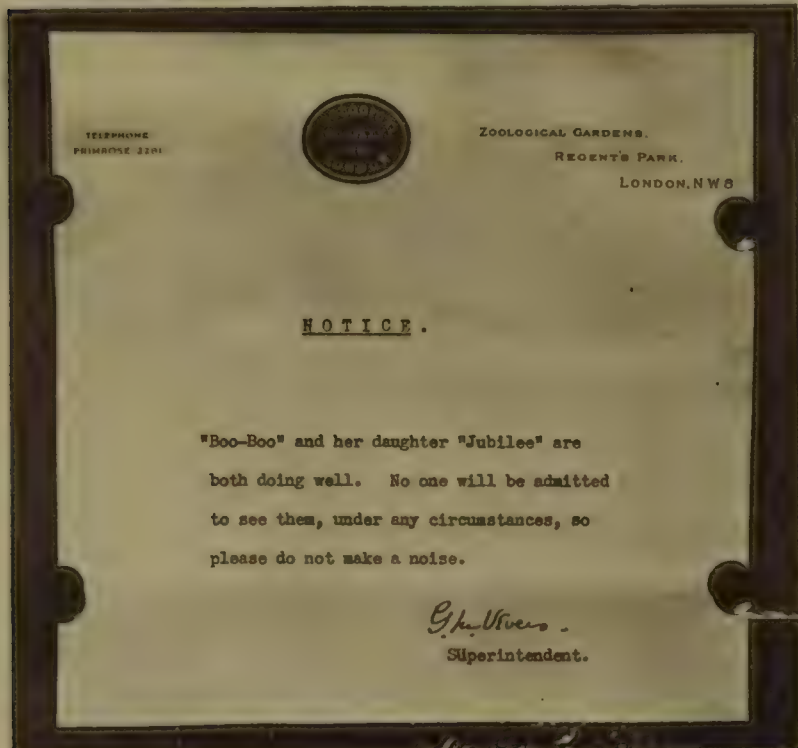
A RARE EVENT IN A HERD OF AMERICAN BISON: A REPORTED CASE OF TRIPLETS—THE MOTHER WITH THREE YOUNG ONES ON SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

This photograph, which reaches us from Santa Catalina, an island off the coast of California, is described as illustrating the rare occurrence of triplets in a herd of bison. The American bison—popularly called a "buffalo"—belongs to the family of the *Bovidae*, but is a distinct type of animal. In "The Standard Natural History," we read: "The American bison originally roamed over a vast extent of North America; it is now represented by a few large herds preserved in a state of semi-domestication."



AN UNEMPLOYED MAN IN PARIS INVENTS A NEW OCCUPATION: TAKING DOGS OUT FOR A WALK AT A CHARGE OF TWO FRANCS AN HOUR.

From a note supplied with this photograph, recently to hand from Paris, we learn that an unemployed man there has just found a new occupation, which shows some originality. As the placard which he carries on his back announces, he is a "promeneur de chiens"; that is, he is prepared to take anyone's dog out for exercise, his charge being two francs per hour. Here he is seen in a street at Passy, near Paris, on the first day of his venture. He hoped later to obtain more custom.



THE SILVER JUBILEE COMMEMORATED BY A HAPPY EVENT AT THE "ZOO": A BULLETIN CONCERNING THE FIRST CHIMPANZEE BORN IN CAPTIVITY IN LONDON.

"Boo Boo," a female chimpanzee which came to the "Zoo" in 1927, and has figured in the "Chimpanzees' Tea-Party" and "Supper Party," gave birth on February 15 to the first chimpanzee born in captivity in London, though "Ko Ko," the father, was presented with offspring at the Bristol "Zoo" last year. The London baby has been named "Jubilee" for obvious reasons. The mother's condition caused anxiety for a few days. Later both were stated to be doing well, but were to be left undisturbed for at least a fortnight.



THE FIRST BABY RHESUS (AN INDIAN SACRED MONKEY) BORN AT WHIPSNAD: THE INFANT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS (IN ITS MOTHER'S ARMS) WITH ITS PARENTS.

It was announced a few days ago that a baby monkey had been born at Whipnade Park, where the mother, who is known as Mrs. Sergeant Major, has been since early last summer. She proudly shows her baby to visitors, and comes right to the edge of the monkeys' enclosure to receive tit-bits. Although the monkeys at Whipnade have been in the open air all through the winter, with only tubs as sleeping quarters, they have kept in good health. The macaque (*Macacus rhesus*) is one of the sacred monkeys of India.



THE UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT TO 134 PIGS AND 15 CATTLE SEIZED FOR TITHE: AN ECHO OF THE TITHE WAR A YEAR AGO.

On the first anniversary of a memorable incident during the tithe dispute last year, when a large number of pigs and cows were removed from the farm of Mr. R. H. Rash, at Wortham, Suffolk, a memorial of the occurrence was recently unveiled there by the wife of the Chairman of the Suffolk Tithepayers' Association. It bears the inscription—"The Tithe War. 134 Pigs and 15 Cattle (value £702) Seized for Tithe. Feb. 22nd, 1934." There was a large gathering, and speeches were delivered.



THE DISCOVERY OF A MAMMOTH'S SKELETON IN SURREY: MAJOR A. G. WADE, THE ARCHÆOLOGIST, WITH A 10-FT. TUSK, WHICH NEEDS TWO MEN TO LIFT IT.

The skeleton of a mammoth, with tusks 10 ft. long and 19½ inches in circumference, was recently discovered, by workmen engaged in laying a drain, in a gravel-bed at Farnham, in Surrey. The work of removing the remains was supervised by Major A. G. Wade, a well-known archaeologist, of Bentley, Hampshire. The tusks were so heavy that it took two men to lift one of them. The skeleton is reported to be one of the biggest of its kind ever found in this country.

THE FIGHT FOR THE "GREEN HELL" SEMI-SWAMP: THE GRAN CHACO WAR.



ABANDONED BOLIVIAN LORRIES ON A TYPICAL EARTH ROAD IN THE CHACO; UNUSABLE AFTER RAIN; MOTOR TRANSPORT DAMAGED TO MAKE IT VALUELESS TO THE ADVANCING PARAGUAYANS.



BOLIVIAN TANKS CAPTURED BY CAVALRY, WHO FIRED THROUGH THE SIGHTING SLITS! FIGHTING MACHINES WHICH SURRENDERED WITHOUT DELAY WHEN ATTACKED IN THE FOREST NEAR THE BOLIVIAN LINES.



AFTER THE PARAGUAYANS HAD CUT THE BOLIVIANS OFF FROM THEIR WATER-SUPPLY; TRAPPING EIGHT THOUSAND MEN IN THE HEAT-STRICKEN FOREST, WHERE THE MAJORITY DIED OF THIRST: PARAGUAYAN LORRIES FITTED WITH WATER-TANKS GIVING DRINKS TO SOME OF THE FEW SURVIVORS.



MEN WHO HAVE A GREAT ADVANTAGE OVER THOSE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH, IN THAT THEY ARE PARTLY ACCLIMATISED TO THE GRAN CHACO: A PARAGUAYAN REGIMENT PARADED AT HEADQUARTERS AT CAMACHO.



A BATCH OF THE 30,000 BOLIVIANS CAPTURED BY THE PARAGUAYANS SINCE THE WAR STARTED IN 1932: PRISONERS AT ASUNCION—MOST OF THEM DARK-SKINNED HIGHLANDERS WHO HAVE TO FIGHT IN THE LOWLAND FORESTS.

The Gran Chaco War—the fight for a "green hell" that is a semi-swamp—continues; and it is once more in the news owing to the fact that it was announced on February 24 that Paraguay had given notice of withdrawal from the League of Nations. At the same time, it was reported from Asuncion that the Paraguayans had driven the Bolivians north-west as far as Longitude 63. The war has now raged for well over two and a half years. Something of its nature was indicated under remarkable photographs in our issue of December 22 last. A note by the correspondent who took the photographs reproduced above is also illuminating.

"The war is being fought under terrible conditions. Heat, disease, insects and lack of water claim more victims than the actual fighting. In their recent victories the Paraguayans made strategic use of water by cutting the Bolivians off from their supply. Eight thousand Bolivians were trapped in the Chaco forest with no water to drink. It was midsummer; an inferno of relentless heat. The Bolivians, trying to find shade, crawled under the grizzled, almost leafless Chaco trees and died where they lay. When, after three days, the Paraguayans closed in on them, they found a few survivors almost mad from thirst, unable to crawl to shade."

Ancient Persian Art: Animal Sculpture in Gold and Electron.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE OWNERS.

THE following note on these illustrations is contributed by Mr. Arthur Upham Pope, Adviser in Art to the Persian Government, and Adviser in Persian Art to the Pennsylvania Museum, who described for us the famous Luristan bronzes illustrated in colour in our issue of September 13, 1930. "When the Luristan bronzes were discovered in 1930 [he writes] there were wild rumours in Persia that among the first things found was a massive ornament in solid gold, rumours impossible to confirm in the intrigue and confusion of the market. But recently the piece, which meanwhile had been seen by reputable persons, appeared in Persia, and in its magnificence it justifies the excitement. It is a broad armlet of solid gold, in deeply pleated form, terminated on the confronting edges with three lion-heads at either end, each developing from a ridge. The heads are highly stylised, but none

[Continued on right.]



A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF THE GOLDSMITH'S ART ASSOCIATED WITH THE LURISTAN BRONZES: A BROAD ARMLET OF SOLID GOLD DECORATED WITH SIX STYLISED LION-HEADS—A TYPE OF ORNAMENT POSSIBLY BORROWED FROM ASSYRIA. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

the less ferocious. Their modelling and workmanship are identical with those of various Luristan bronze bracelets, but here the treatment is more varied and carefully finished. Another broad armlet in bronze with the triple lion-heads, in the David Weill collection in Paris, is so close to this that they might almost be from the same mould. The ornament combines richness and austerity. Magnificent armlets were worn by the Assyrians, as bas-reliefs show, and the fashion of wearing such ornaments in Luristan may owe something to Assyria. But the style of the piece is wholly characteristic of Luristan. It is owned by J. Mousse, of Paris.—A recent discovery of even greater importance is the electron and gold horse-head in the collection of Mr. T. L. Jacks, reported to have been found in Mazanderan, the Persian province situated along the southern shore of the Caspian Sea. It is a work of superb beauty,

[Continued below on left.]



"A WORK OF SUPERB BEAUTY, WORTHY TO RANK WITH THE GREAT PIECES OF THE OXUS TREASURE": AN ELECTRON AND GOLD HORSE-HEAD DATING FROM ABOUT THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.—A RELIC OF THE ACHÆMENID PERIOD, SAID TO HAVE COME FROM THE PERSIAN PROVINCE OF MAZANDERAN. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

[Continued.] worthy to rank with the great pieces of the Oxus Treasure, of which the leaping winged ibex was an outstanding feature of the Persian Exhibition in Burlington House in 1931. The horse-head unites the same simplicity of form with intense vitality of expression. That the head is Achaemenid is beyond discussion. The most likely date is the fifth century B.C. The piece was originally, like other Achaemenid animal heads, the lower end of a rhyton, or drinking horn. This new find is related to a famous electron antelope head found in Volhynia about 100 years ago, now owned by Mr. Joseph Brummer, of New York, which to

connoisseurs was one of the most brilliant objects in the Persian Exhibition. The two seem almost to be from the same hand, and both show the same severe stylisation. Lips and eyes are similarly treated, and the two pieces are almost equal in weight. The attribution of the Brummer antelope head to Achaemenid Persia, though considered likely, was not proved, but the relation to this new find verifies them both as Achaemenid. Persian sculptors of that period, as shown in the Oxus Treasure, the Persepolis reliefs, and now in these two heads, must take rank among the world's best animal artists."



is given the country from which the breed came, the approximate date of the founding of the breed, the maximum height at the shoulder, and the maximum weight. The numbers of the various breeds are shown on the countries to which they belong. The designer of the map is Mr. Joseph P. Sims, a Philadelphia architect, who has been making decorative and historical maps for some years. He has also bred and exhibited terriers for many years, and has been a member of the American Terrier Club. We would add that the dog-map is published by Messrs. J. L. Smith and Co., of 107 N. 3rd Street, Philadelphia; and is reproduced here by special permission.



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Miss Winifred Shotter and Mr. Ralph Lynn
enjoying supper at Sovrani's Blue Train Restaurant

A TRIAL THAT MAY CHANGE AMERICAN COURT PROCEDURE: THE HAUPTMANN CASE, ACCOMPANIED BY UNPRECEDENTED PUBLICITY.



THE JUDGE WHO SENTENCED HAUPTMANN TO DEATH "SNAPPED" BY A PHOTOGRAPHER: JUSTICE TRENCHARD LEAVING THE COURT HOUSE AFTER HEARING THE CLOSING SPEECH FOR THE DEFENCE BY MR. EDWARD J. REILLY.



WHERE THE JURY DELIBERATED FOR MANY HOURS BEFORE RETURNING A VERDICT OF "GUILTY" AGAINST HAUPTMANN FOR THE MURDER OF THE LINDBERGH BABY: THE OLD-FASHIONED JURY ROOM IN THE COURT HOUSE AT FLEMINGTON.



WITH PHOTOGRAPHERS TAKING THEM BY FLASHLIGHT: THE MILITARY GUARD OUTSIDE THE COURT HOUSE AT FLEMINGTON DURING THE HAUPTMANN TRIAL: NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPERS ON DUTY AT THE TIME OF THE VERDICT.



FACING THE CROWD—AND CAMERA-MEN—THAT BESIEGED THE COURT HOUSE: MEMBERS OF THE JURY LEAVING AFTER HAVING RETURNED A VERDICT OF "GUILTY" AGAINST HAUPTMANN, WHO WAS THEN SENTENCED TO DEATH.



FACING A BATTERY OF MOVIE-CAMERAS IN COURT AT THE END OF THE TRIAL: ELEVEN MEMBERS OF THE JURY (ONE HAVING ALREADY LEFT) BEING CINEMATOGRAPHED FOR THE LAST TIME, AFTER THE VERDICT AND SENTENCE.



THE JURY'S LAST ORDEAL BY PUBLICITY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE VERDICT AND SENTENCE, SHOWING ELEVEN OF ITS MEMBERS, ONE MAN HAVING ALREADY LEFT THE COURT FOR HIS HOME, AS HE WAS SUFFERING FROM HEART TROUBLE.

Unprecedented publicity, carried to such lengths as to arouse protests from many quarters in the United States and cause much adverse comment in this country and elsewhere, attended the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the murder of Colonel Lindbergh's infant son, kidnapped from his home on March 1, 1932. The trial, held in the old Court House at Flemington, New Jersey, ended on February 13, when the jury of eight men and four women, after many hours' deliberation, found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree. Meanwhile, the Pressmen and photographers were waiting; and telegraph operators remained at their instruments ready to flash the result to hundreds of newspapers throughout the world. Judge Trenchard sentenced Hauptmann to death. Later, however, a stay of execution was

granted by the Court of Errors and Appeals, which does not sit until May 21. If the conviction is upheld, there may still be an appeal to the Court of Pardons. In the group showing eleven of the jury, the names are, left to right: (front row) Elmer Smith, Mrs. Ethel Stockton, Charles F. Snyder, Mrs. Verna Snyder, Mrs. Rosie Pill, and Charles Walton (foreman); (back row) Robert Cravatt, Phillip Hockenbury, George Voorhees, Mrs. M. Brelsford, and Howard V. Briggs. The absent jurymán was Liscom Case. Doubtless they, among others, will find some compensation for their nerve-racking task if the publicity side of the conduct of the trial—with constant photography, astonishing interviews, radio "talks," and snapshots of the prisoner after sentence—leads to a change in their country's Court procedure.

THE BI-CENTENARY OF HARRISON'S FIRST MARINE TIMEKEEPER:

AN AMAZING ACHIEVEMENT BY A SELF-TAUGHT YORKSHIRE
CARPENTER, WHO WON THE GOVERNMENT'S £20,000 REWARD
FOR THE FIRST PRACTICAL METHOD OF FINDING LONGITUDE:
A PROBLEM WHICH NEWTON THOUGHT INSOLUBLE.

By Lieut.-Commander RUPERT T. GOULD, R.N. (retired). (See Illustrations opposite.)

IN these days, when every ship afloat carries at least one chronometer, it is difficult to realise that two centuries ago the greatest scientist of his day, Sir Isaac Newton, considered that it was mechanically impossible to construct a timekeeper capable of going accurately enough to determine a ship's longitude. And it is even more difficult, at first sight, to grasp the extraordinary fact that the first machines capable of performing this feat were invented and constructed by an obscure Yorkshire carpenter, John Harrison (1693-1776), who was entirely self-educated and never served a day's apprenticeship to any clockmaker. Previous attempts, made by scientists such as Huyghens and Leibnitz, and by professional clockmakers like Sully and Dutertre, had been



SUCCESSFULLY TRIED AT KING GEORGE III.'S PRIVATE OBSERVATORY IN 1772: JOHN HARRISON'S NO. 5 TIMEKEEPER—A BACK VIEW OF THE MECHANISM, BEARING THE DATE 1770.

complete failures, serving only to emphasise the enormous mechanical difficulties which had to be overcome—and which Newton had judged to be insuperable.

Harrison began his work on marine timekeepers—his life's work, as it proved—in 1728, when he came to London with drawings of one which he hoped to construct with the help of the Board of Longitude—an official body charged with supervising competition for the famous reward of £20,000 which the British Government had offered (1714) for any method of finding a ship's longitude within 30 geographical miles at the end of a six weeks' voyage. Naturally enough, the Board declined to assist him—but a generous loan of £200 from George Graham, the leading London clockmaker, enabled Harrison to devote the next six years to building his No. 1 timekeeper. He completed it in 1735—exactly two centuries ago.

The machine—which, with three of its successors, belongs to the nation—is, in effect, a large clock (it weighs 72 lb.) controlled by two huge balances, connected by cross-wires so that their movements are always opposed. In this way the effect of the ship's motion on one balance is exactly counteracted by its effect on the other. The balances, and the train of wheels impelling them, are mounted on friction-wheels, and move with remarkable freedom; while their motion is controlled by four helical springs, whose tension is automatically varied to compensate those alterations in the machine's rate of going which would otherwise be produced by any changes of temperature. Most of the principal wheels are of wood, with mortised teeth. The machine is spring-driven (there is a "maintaining-spring" to keep it going while being wound) and goes for 38 hours. Its four dials indicate seconds, minutes, hours, and days.

No. 1 performed very well during a voyage to Lisbon in Anson's *Centurion* (1736), and the Board of Longitude accordingly advanced Harrison, who had settled in London, various sums for further experiments. In 1737-39 he built his No. 2 machine, an enlarged version of No. 1 with several mechanical refinements, including a "remontoire"—an auxiliary spring which impelled the balances with a practically constant force, being re-wound by the

mainspring every 3½ minutes. This machine, weighing 102 lb., was never tried at sea.

Harrison next devoted no less than seventeen years (1740-1757) to constructing what he believed would be his masterpiece—his No. 3 timekeeper. This is smaller than either of its predecessors (it weighs 66 lb.) and far more complicated. It contains 753

separate parts, and some of the mechanical devices in it are absolutely unique. It has a remontoire, re-wound every 30 seconds, and the compensation for temperature is effected by means of a bi-metallic (brass and steel) strip—the forerunner of all the similar strips now used in the balances of chronometers and high class watches. This, like every other feature of his extraordinary machines, was Harrison's own unaided invention.

In 1758, Harrison entered No. 3 in competition for the £20,000 reward; but, while arrangements for the official trial were pending, he and his son William completed a fourth timekeeper, which was originally meant only to serve as an auxiliary to No. 3. Still, No. 4—a very large centre-seconds watch in a silver case—contains most of No. 3's devices and some additional refinements (its remontoire is re-wound every 7½ seconds); and when tried against No. 3 it proved itself quite as accurate, while far more portable. In consequence, No. 3 was shelved, and the official tests—two voyages to the West Indies, in 1761 and 1764—were made with No. 4 only.

In the first trial, No. 4's error in longitude on arrival at Jamaica was roughly one geographical mile, as against the 30 miles permitted. At the time, it was felt that this remarkable result might, in part, be a mere fluke; but the second and more stringent trial (1764) disposed of this contention—for No. 4's total error in five months was still less than 10 miles. Moreover, an exact duplicate, made for the Board of Longitude by Larcum Kendall, a London watchmaker, was carried by Cook in his second and third voyages round the world; and it performed so admirably that we find Cook—the most exact and least enthusiastic of men—noting in his journal: "... I must here take note that our longitudes can never be erroneous, so long as we have so good a guide as Mr. Kendall's watch." The great and famous "problem of the longitude," which had baffled Newton, Halley,

Huyghens, Leibnitz, and a hundred others, was definitely solved at last.

This, however, the Board of Longitude were slow to admit. They paid Harrison £10,000 in 1765—but they declined to pay the second half of the reward unless and until he should make two more timekeepers and submit them to any tests the Board might impose. He was then over seventy, and his sight was failing. However, he and his son completed a fifth machine—a slightly improved



THE INSTRUMENT CARRIED BY CAPTAIN COOK IN HIS SECOND AND THIRD VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD AND HIGHLY APPRECIATED BY HIM: A DUPLICATE OF JOHN HARRISON'S NO. 4 TIMEKEEPER (ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE), MADE BY LARCUM KENDALL IN 1767-1770.

No. 4, with no external ornament—which was very successfully tried at King George the Third's private observatory (Kew) in 1772; and, backed by the King's parliamentary and social influence, he obtained the second half of the reward (which he had most undoubtedly won), by means of a private Act of Parliament, and without further delays or trials, in 1773. He died in 1776.

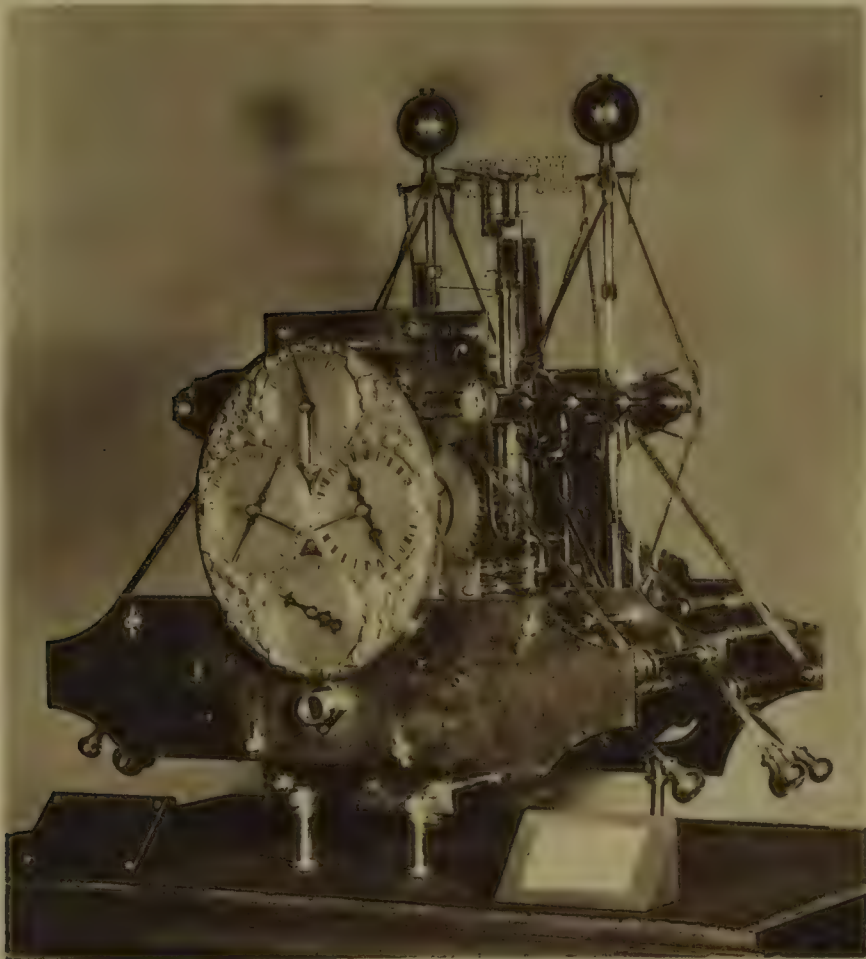
His first four timekeepers became the nation's property in 1765, and were removed to Greenwich Observatory. They were obsolete even in Harrison's lifetime, for his pioneer work had at last stimulated the professional watchmakers into producing chronometers simpler and better than his own. In consequence, the Harrison machines were shelved and forgotten, soon becoming corroded and defective. When I first saw them in 1920, none was in going order, and parts of all three big machines were missing; while No. 1, in particular, looked as if it had sunk in the *Royal George* and been on the bottom ever since—it was completely covered with a bluish-green patina.

Wishing, if possible, to see the machines clean and going again (this had last happened in 1767), I applied for, and was granted, permission to clean and reconstruct them in my spare time. The work occupied me from 1921 to 1933. There was much to be learned, and this could only be done by detailed examination of the machines themselves, for no contemporary drawings or descriptions of them have been preserved; while they are quite unlike any timekeepers ever made before or since. No. 2 and No. 4 required about a year apiece, but No. 1 took a year to clean and two years to reconstruct; while the work on No. 3—the most complicated of all, and the most difficult to understand—took seven years (1924-1931) in all. However, the event proved that the long period of neglect had not irreparably impaired the machines; all are now in going order, while No. 2 has been going continuously for ten years, No. 3 for four, and No. 1 for two. Unlike Nos. 4 and 5 (which, if kept going, would require periodical oiling), the big machines, whose bearings are formed of lignum vitae running on polished brass, need no oil in any part, and can, in consequence, be kept going indefinitely without appreciable wear. At the annual meeting of the Society for Nautical Research, on Feb. 21, 1935, I had the pleasure of exhibiting all five of Harrison's machines, and also the duplicate of No. 4 used by Cook, in good order and going. I hope that they will form a permanent memorial to a man of whom we, both as his countrymen and as the world's greatest maritime nation, have much cause to think gratefully—and every right to be immensely proud.



THE INSTRUMENT THAT SECURED FOR HARRISON KING GEORGE III.'S SUPPORT IN OBTAINING THE WHOLE £20,000 REWARD FOR A METHOD OF FINDING LONGITUDE: HARRISON'S NO. 5 TIMEKEEPER—A SLIGHTLY IMPROVED NO. 4, WITHOUT EXTERIOR ORNAMENT, PROBABLY THE MOST ACCURATE OF THE WHOLE SERIES.

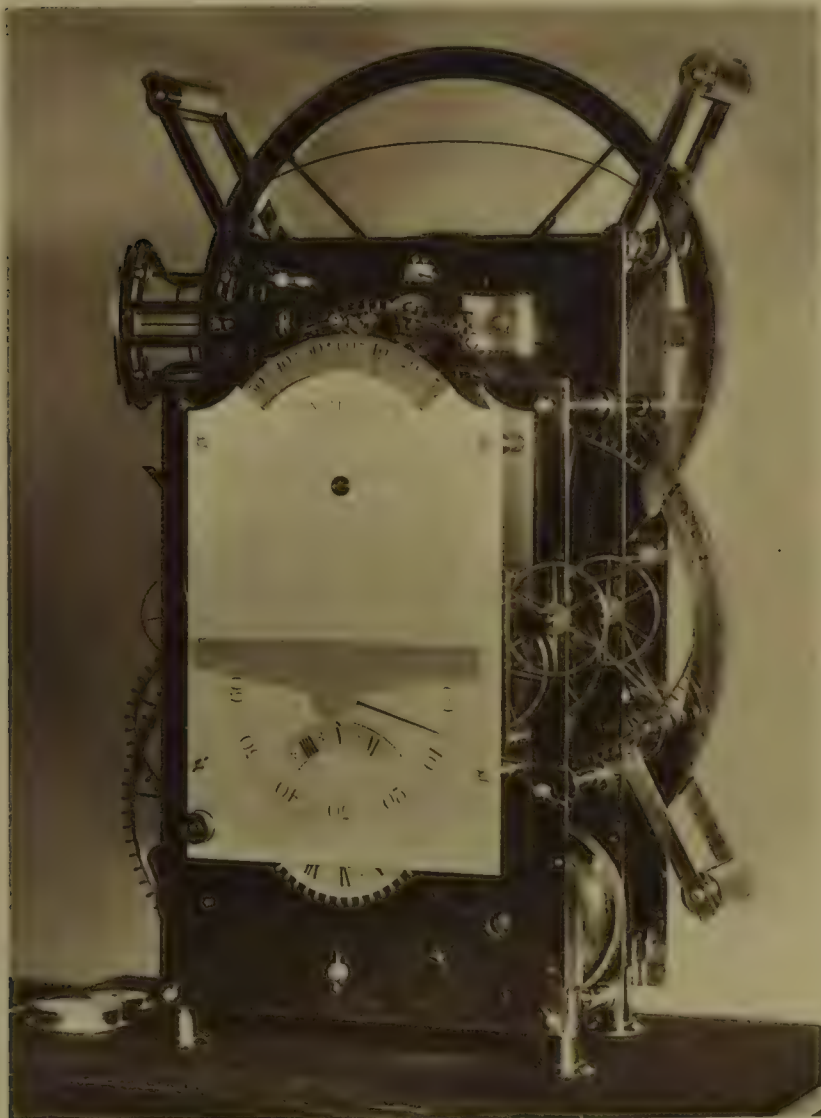
PIONEER LONGITUDE-FINDING: HISTORIC MARINE TIMEKEEPERS RESTORED.



A WOODEN-WHEELED INSTRUMENT, COMPLETED JUST 200 YEARS AGO: JOHN HARRISON'S NO. 1 TIMEKEEPER, MADE IN 1729-35, AND SUCCESSFULLY TRIED AT SEA IN ANSON'S SHIP, H.M.S. "CENTURION," IN 1736. (WEIGHT, 72 LB.)



AN ENLARGED AND IMPROVED VERSION OF NO. 1, BUT NEVER TRIED AT SEA: HARRISON'S NO. 2 TIMEKEEPER, "MADE FOR HIS MAJESTY GEORGE II. BY ORDER OF A COMMITTEE HELD THE 30TH OF JUNE, 1737." (WEIGHT, 102 LB.)



A MACHINE WHICH TOOK HARRISON SEVENTEEN YEARS (1740-57) TO CONSTRUCT, BUT WAS NEVER USED AT SEA: HIS NO. 3 TIMEKEEPER, SMALLER AND LIGHTER THAN ITS PREDECESSORS, BUT FAR MORE COMPLICATED. (WEIGHT, 66 LB.)

The present year is the bi-centenary of the completion (in 1735), by John Harrison (1693-1776), of the first of his five wonderful marine chronometers described in the article on the opposite page. The fourth of these instruments (illustrated above in the lower right-hand photograph) eventually won for Harrison, with the support of King George III., the reward of £20,000 which had been offered by the British Government in 1714 for an accurate method of finding a ship's longitude. The writer of our article, Lieut.-Commander R. T. Gould, R.N. (retired), who has spent twelve years in cleaning, repairing, and restoring the instruments to working order, delivered at the Drapers' Hall recently the



THE MACHINE WHICH ULTIMATELY BROUGHT JOHN HARRISON THE REWARD OF £20,000 FOR A PRACTICAL METHOD OF FINDING LONGITUDE: HIS NO. 4 TIMEKEEPER, TESTED SUCCESSFULLY IN TWO VOYAGES TO THE WEST INDIES, IN 1761 AND 1764.

annual lecture of the Society for Nautical Research, taking as his subject "John Harrison and his Timekeepers." On this occasion they were all exhibited together for the first time, and were all going. Harrison began life as a carpenter, was entirely self-educated, and was never trained in clockmaking. Nevertheless, he overcame mechanical difficulties which Newton himself believed insuperable. In his first chronometer, the main wheels were made of wood. The four dials (seen in our upper left illustration) show respectively seconds (top), minutes (left), hours (right), and days (below). The first four machines became national property in 1765. No. 5 is now in the possession of the Clockmakers' Company.

NEWS IN PICTURES: NOTABLE AT HOME



AFTER MEMBERS OF THE AUXILIARY AIR FORCE HAD BEEN CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD: A MACHINE THAT BURIED ITS NOSE IN A PLOUGHED FIELD, NEAR NEWBIGGIN. Seven bombers of the Auxiliary Air Force, stationed at Edinburgh and Glasgow, were involved in the blizzard on February 24. All had to make forced landings near Newbiggin, owing to blinding snow. There were damaged and two airmen received minor injuries. A plane piloted by Sergeant Deakin alighted in a ploughed field. It hit a furrow, at 1,600 yards and bounced into the air, struck the earth, and came to rest with the propeller embedded in the ground.



LAST HONOURS TO THE NINE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE KILLED IN THE RECENT FLYING-BOAT DISASTER IN SICILY: PART OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN MALTA. The bodies of the nine officers and men of the Royal Air Force killed in Sicily on February 10, when their flying-boat crashed into a mountain-side, were conveyed in a cruiser, H.M.S. "Durban," from Messina to Malta, where they were buried in the British Military Cemetery. The funeral was attended by the Italian Government. As they were borne through the town, draped in Union Jacks, with the dead airmen's caps resting upon them, respectful crowds watched the procession, which included detachments of the R.A.F., the Navy, the Marines, and the Army. The funeral service was attended by representatives of the Governor of Malta, General Sir David Campbell, the Air Officer Commanding, and the Naval Commandant-in-Chief.



THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITING WORKERS' FLATS IN VIENNA; WITH THE KARL MARX HOUSE (THE SCENE OF FIGHTING LAST YEAR) IN THE BACKGROUND.

The Prince of Wales arrived in Vienna from Kitzbühel on February 18. During his stay there, before going on to Budapest, he went to see the famous municipal dwelling-houses built by the social democratic regime. He visited the Goethe Hof, the scene of the fiercest fighting twelve months ago. At first the inmates knew nothing of his call, but the news spread quickly, and children came running from every inn.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (SEEN ON THE LEFT IN THE LAUNCH) BIG-GAME FISHING IN THE BAY OF ISLANDS, NEW ZEALAND: THE "OSOME" OFF CAPE BRETT.

After the conclusion of his official tour in New Zealand, the Duke of Gloucester enjoyed a few days' big-game fishing in the Bay of Islands, off Cape Brett, North Island. On his first day out he hooked a mako shark—apparently about a 300-pounder—which leapt twice into the air and eventually escaped. Later, on January 28, he had better luck, and secured a 242-lb. swordfish, on the occasion shown in the above photograph.



A WARNING RENDERED SUPERFLUOUS BY ROUGH SEAS: A "NO ROAD" SIGN ON ROCKS NEAR PLYMOUTH, WHERE A BATHING-POOL IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION. The unusual sight of a notice-board with the warning words, "No Road," has been visible lately on the shore near Plymouth, where a new bathing-pool is being constructed. Under the conditions shown in our photograph, with a heavy sea swirling over the rocks, the warning appears slightly superfluous. This striped thing was probably superfluous by the recent gales in the west of England. On February 21, a Hamburg-America liner reached Plymouth seven hours late, after experiencing rough weather.

INCIDENTS AND OCCASIONS AND ABROAD.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BUDAPEST, WHERE, AS IN VIENNA, HE WAS RECEIVED WITH GREAT WARMTH: H.R.H. GOING SHOPPING.

side. The Prince then drove through the garden suburbs of Kármán and Gáborváros to the Karl Marx Hof. This was a target for Government artillery last February. His Royal Highness arrived in Budapest on February 20, and, as in Vienna, received a most cordial welcome; though his insignia was respected. On the 22nd he visited Admiral Morthy, the Regent of Hungary, at the Budapest Royal Palace.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S BIG CATCH IN NEW ZEALAND WATERS: A 242-LB. STRIPED SWORD-FISH ABOARD THE "OSOME"—SHOWING THE DUKE IN THE BACKGROUND.

In the above photograph. In the right-hand picture, the two boatmen with the Duke in the launch, "Osone" and Sid Irving (left) and H. Vipond. It was reported recently that the Duke, who is returning in H.M.S. "Australia," had had to curtail his programme on the homeward voyage, owing to the cruiser having lost time by going to help the schooner "Seth Parker." Consequently the Duke had abandoned his proposed visits to the Bahamas and Bermuda.



AFTER PIRATES HAD CAPTURED HER AND ALTERED HER NAME TO "TOYA MARU" (GREAT BACKWARDS): THE "TUNGCHOW" AS THE "URAMAYOT"; AND SOME OF HER YOUNG PASSENGERS. Various photographs bearing on the "Tungchow" piracy were reproduced in our issue of February 9. The vessel, it will be recalled, was carrying seventy British and American schoolchildren from Shanghai to Chiochi, when she was boarded by pirates. The pirates attempted to camouflage the vessel by repainting her funnel and giving her a new name. That selected was "Toya Maru," a Japanese name; but the pirates scoured it from right to left. In the end, it will be recalled, the "Tungchow" was located by aeroplanes from the "Hermes."



A NEW ZEALAND TREE-CLIMBING FEAT BEFORE THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: A MAORI, WITH SPIKED BOOTS AND AXE, ASCENDING A 100-FT. KAURI. During his visit to North Island, New Zealand, where he went big-game fishing (as shown in two adjacent photographs), the Duke of Gloucester also made an inland tour across the island. In the Waipoua State Forest he witnessed a tree-climbing contest by Maoris, who, with axe and spiked boots, scaled the trunks of giant kauri trees. In Trough Park, he watched the felling of one such tree, said to be 1000 years old.



A GAINSBOROUGH JUST ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND NOW ON VIEW: "PORTRAIT OF THE TENTH VISCOUNT KILMOREY." The picture here reproduced is now in Room XXV, at the National Gallery. It is a portrait of the tenth Viscount Kilmorey and, until it became the property of the nation, was the chief feature in the collection of the Earl of Kilmorey. It may be dated, with some confidence, 1760. According to Armstrong, "the last year in which Gainsborough sent to the Society of Artists was 1760, when he was represented by 'an officer, whole length,' and 'A Sea Officer.'" The former was a portrait of Capt. Needham, later tenth Viscount Kilmorey. The newly acquired picture is doubtless identical with it. (Copyright Reserved.)

EARLIEST SCOTLAND.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE PREHISTORY OF SCOTLAND": By V. GORDON CHILDE.*

(PUBLISHED BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER AND CO.)

THIS compact and learned book carries us back some three thousand years (the period, of course, must be highly speculative) into the antecedents of modern Scotland, and pieces together, with great profusion of archaeological evidence, a continuous history until the Dark Age when, for some five hundred years, a mist, only partially penetrable, descends upon the history of North Britain. The style is, perhaps, a little austere for popular reading, but within a comparatively small compass Professor Childe has concentrated a great variety of prehistorical data, from which he draws his conclusions with a cautious but persuasive logic.

One does not naturally think of this northern land as a Tavern of the Seas: but so it must be regarded in the most ancient times. "Lying as she does at the very junction of the North Sea and the Atlantic, Scotland was—particularly when there were impediments to traffic up the English Channel—the natural intermediary between the vigorous culture-province of Scandinavia and precocious regions like the Iberian Peninsula, where early contact with the Ancient East had sooner kindled the spark of higher civilisation." Our earliest evidence of occupation begins in the so-called "Atlantic" times, when it would seem likely that small bands of immigrants came by sea from the south-west and from the Baltic and settled upon the west coast and the Forth estuary. Somewhat later, perhaps—but it is impossible to be certain—small groups came in through the forests from Northern England. With these later arrivals are identified the curious "pigmy" flints or micro-liths which have been found in considerable quantities. It is difficult to guess what attracted the colonists to the rugged coast of Scotland. Probably they led an amphibious kind of existence, living precariously on fish, shell-fish, and a certain amount of land-game (roe-deer, boar, badger, otter, and wild cat). In their burial customs, they or their descendants were "collectivists," building the chambered cairns, to hold a number of bodies, which are one of the most familiar features of Scottish archaeology. The total number of the cairn-building people was probably very small, and they lived in tiny isolated groups.

In Neolithic times—somewhere about the beginning of the second millennium B.C.—colonisation began upon a larger and more regular scale. "Neolithic culture—domestic animals, cereals, pottery, ground stone axes, pressure-worked flint implements—was, in fact, introduced by small boat-loads of adventurers coasting along the Atlantic. These established primary settlements near suitable landing-places in Galloway, around the mouth of the Clyde and Loch Fyne, on Skye and the Hebrides, in Caithness and Orkney. The bulk of the settlers were, in a sense, of English extraction, but they were captained by chiefs endowed with the magical attributes of the Divine Kings whom Fraser has described so brilliantly. These were foreigners, and, by their prestige, secured, even in that barbaric milieu, the funerary honours of a more southern clime. To receive their mortal remains and those of their families, monumental tombs were reared in accordance with prescriptions brought from Southern Spain or Sardinia." These, then, were Iberian invaders, who established in Scotland what has come to be known in the archaeology of England as the "Windmill Hill Culture." It spread all along the western coast: its tribal organisation was probably exogamous. It was partly agricultural and partly maritime, and it expanded not only to islands like the Hebrides and the Orkneys, but inland and eastwards as far as the coasts of Aberdeenshire. Much of its history is to be read in the large quantities of pottery, which it has left to posterity.

Another wave of colonisation was taking place simultaneously on the eastern coast. Here the invaders belonged to that mysterious people—distinctly more round-headed than the western Neolithics—who have come to be known as the Beaker-folk, on account of the earthenware beaker which was an invariable accompaniment of their sepulture. "These round-headed invaders were more pastoral and more warlike than the 'Neolithic' peasants and perhaps

more worldly, more ready to appreciate metal when it arrived." They seem to have spread rapidly inland and to have carried the pastoral and agricultural arts with them.

We are now upon the threshold of the Bronze Age.

Bronze tools and weapons seem to have found their way into Scotland from the west, perhaps brought by new bands of immigrants who prevailed over the Beaker-folk. Scotland now begins to exhibit many monuments characteristic of the Early Bronze Age—cists and cairns, stone circles, innumerable objects of art and utility, and, in course of time, cinerary urns. The tribes were probably nomadic. "On the whole, the Early Bronze Age communities seem to have been exceedingly small and far from rooted in the soil. The impression of semi-nomadism is enhanced by the few glimpses of habitation available—a few middens near the coast and isolated hut-circles on a hillside. Tillage was undoubtedly practised, but it need have been no more than the cultivation with a digging-stick or foot-plough of a small plot which was abandoned after a few seasons. Life would have been to some extent nomadic and largely dependent on pastoralism and hunting, for which Scotland was so well fitted."

In the Late Bronze Age our evidence begins to be more distinct, and comparatively well-preserved relics, especially in the Orkneys and Shetland, enable archaeologists to reconstruct, with some verisimilitude, the rude village-life of this period. About the fourth century B.C., the Celtic invasions began, and the newcomers, while retaining bronze tools and weapons of Britannico-Hibernian pattern, probably introduced new breeds of cattle and a more highly developed agriculture. Successive waves of Celtic immigration followed each other into the Iron Age and down to Roman times. Brythonic groups crossed the North Sea from Northern Gaul, and some, in the first century B.C., also entered Scotland from the south-west. There grew up that chain of forts, castles, and hill-top towns which are so characteristic of the Celtic civilisation. Equally distinctive are the curious bog-dwellings known as crannogs, and the "earth-houses," which served as bolt-holes both from enemies and from the weather.

"Each petty chief seized upon a strip of suitable land for his retainers to cultivate, and built him a castle to overawe the former inhabitants and serve as a base for raids on the rich lands of Ireland, England, and the Scottish Lowlands. In the far north the Picts became for a time subject to these Brythonic conquerors." Iron tools now became common, and a marked improvement of agricultural methods promoted a rapid growth of the population. Glass-ware began to be manufactured, ornamental metal-work attained a considerable degree of skill, and the foundations were laid of a textile industry which has survived vigorously and unbrokenly in Scotland. But it was a hard and grim type of civilisation. No organised State emerged.

"The picture of Iron Age life deducible from these sparse relics agrees well enough with what might have been expected from a consideration of the fortresses and refuges from which they have been gathered. In the general insecurity the monuments so grimly attest, the finer arts and industries of higher civilisation could find no place. Actually, barbarian squalor reigns everywhere, superficially relieved by a few imports from the peaceful Province."

It was in some such state as this that the Roman legions found Caledonian society, and failed to bring it, in any effective sense, under the Eagles. Much fruitless execution was done upon the turbulent inhabitants, but the *pax Romana* was never securely established. And when at last the Roman contingents abandoned these distant and unprofitable dominions to defend their own hearths and homes from the invader, there followed a long period in which modern Scotland was to develop painfully out of a medley of elements—Scots, Norsemen, Angles, Brythons, Goidels, and Picts—a diversity of ingredients, indeed, upon which Dr. Samuel Johnson more than once commented ill-naturedly. But at this point we pass from prehistory to history, and it is to prehistory that Professor Childe confines his long and adventurous exploration.

C. K. A.



CLOSE TO THE SPOT WHERE A FILM ACTRESS AND A GUIDE WERE KILLED BY AN AVALANCHE LATELY: THE VIEW ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE COAZ HUT, LOOKING DOWN THE SELLA GLACIER TOWARDS PONTRESINA, SHOWING THE PIZ MORTERATSCH IN THE BACKGROUND.



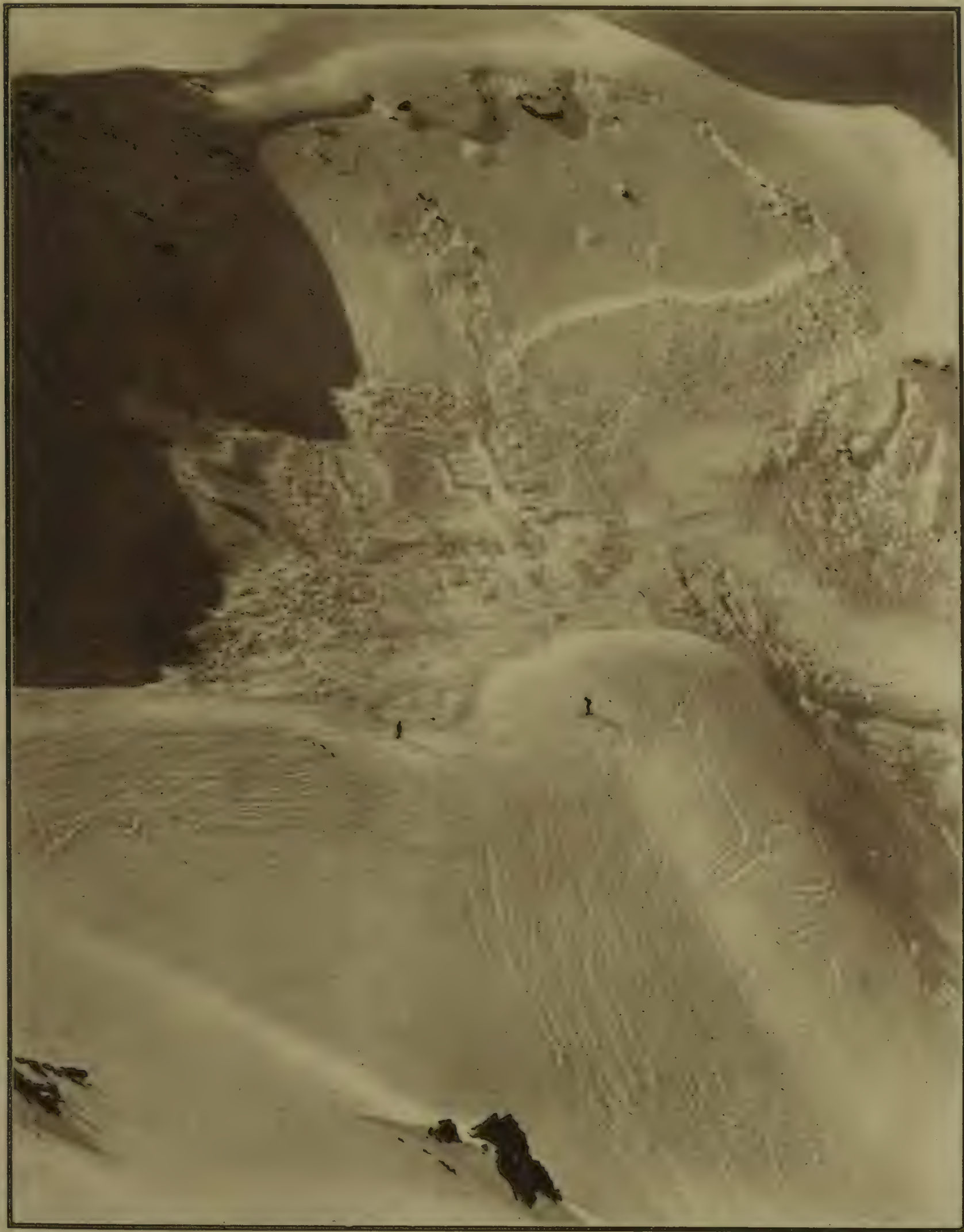
CHAMOIS TRACKS ON THE ACTUAL SNOW SLOPE WHERE A HERD OF CHAMOIS IS SAID TO HAVE STARTED THE "WIND-SLAB" AVALANCHE BY WHICH A FILM ACTRESS AND A GUIDE WERE KILLED: A CUNNING ROUTE TAKEN BY THE ANIMALS, WHICH USUALLY AVOID DANGER FROM AVALANCHES.

Frau Kern, a film actress, of Berne, and Herr Beni Fuhrer, of Arosa, were killed by an avalanche recently about 100 yards from the Coaz Hut (in the Engadine) just after they had left it, with other ski-ers, to make a cinema film. It was stated that a herd of thirty chamois, seen running away on the snow slopes above the hut, had dislodged a *schneebrett* or wind-slab of hard snow, thus starting the avalanche, which was of the type illustrated on the opposite page. Mountain folk believe that chamois, when hunted, will cause avalanches to fall on their pursuers. Mr. F. S. Smythe, the famous mountaineer, says, in sending us his photographs: "One shows the exact slope where the disaster occurred, and, curiously enough, Mr. Monte Ritchie of Texas and I were traversing it under dangerous conditions when it was taken." Regarding that showing a chamois track, he mentions that the avalanche which caused the recent accident "was reported to have been started by chamois on the slope which the photograph shows. . . . This valley," he adds, "always has a lot of chamois, but it is certainly unusual for them to go so far up the Roseg glacier as the Coaz Hut."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. F. S. SMYTHE. (SEE ALSO THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

* "The Prehistory of Scotland." By V. Gordon Childe, Professor of Prehistoric Archaeology in Edinburgh University. With sixteen Plates and eighty-two Figures in the Text. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.; 15s.)

THE SKI-ER'S DEADLIEST FOE AMONG AVALANCHES: THE WIND-SLAB TYPE.



CAKED SNOW WHICH A SINGLE SKI-ER MAY START SLIDING DOWN IN GREAT BLOCKS THAT CRUSH HIM:
A HUGE WIND-SLAB AVALANCHE FALLEN NEAR AROSA. (NOTE THE TINY FIGURES OF TWO SKI-ERS BELOW.)

That famous mountaineer, Mr. F. S. Smythe, supplies the above photograph to illustrate a subject made topical lately by numerous Alpine accidents. "Broadly speaking," he writes, "snow avalanches are of two kinds, wet snow and dry snow. It is the former that have caused so much destruction recently, when an exceptionally heavy snowfall was followed by a sudden rise of temperature due to the Föhn wind—a warm, south wind which blows from Italy across the Alps. Actually, dry snow avalanches take a greater toll of skiers than wet snow, for they are much more difficult to foresee and detect, as they come down at any temperature below freezing-point and may lie in wait for a week or more after a snowfall—especially on north-facing slopes not subjected to

the consolidating effect of sun and subsequent re-freezing. Most dangerous of all avalanches is the wind-slab. Wind-blown snow collects in the lee of a slope and forms a cake which is frequently so hard that it gives the ski-runner a sense of security. Sometimes these wind-slabs are so delicately poised that it only requires a single skier to bring them down. The first intimation of catastrophe is a booming crunch; the slope cracks away like a huge cake and breaks up into blocks, which carry the trapped skier downwards, and crush or bury him." It was a wind-slab avalanche, or *schneebrett*, displaced by a herd of chamois, which recently killed Frau Kern (a film actress) and a guide near the Coaz Hut (see the photographs on the opposite page).

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. K. W. M. PICKTHORNE.

Fellow of Corpus Christi, Cambridge. Returned unopposed as M.P. (National Conservative) for Cambridge. The seat was vacated by Mr. G. H. A. Wilson, Master of Clare College, who will be next Vice-Chancellor. Served overseas during the Great War.



EX-SUPT. E. BOSHIER.

The noted detective. Died February 22. Retired from the Surrey Constabulary in 1930. He will be remembered for his famous arrest of Vaquier, the Byfleet murderer. Commended by Judges on a number of occasions.



LORD SOMERLEYTON.

Honorary Secretary, King Edward's Hospital Fund. Died February 25; aged seventy-seven. M.P. (Liberal). Lowestoft, 1885; and for Halifax, 1900-1906. Sometime Chairman of the Liberal Unionist Council. Did much charitable work in Halifax.



MR. JACK HOBBS.

The famous professional cricketer. Has announced his retirement from first-class cricket. He first played for Surrey in County cricket in 1906, making 155 in his second innings. He made 197 centuries, and scored more than 61,000 runs.



SIR ARTHUR BLAKE.

Chairman of the Nottingham Stock Exchange. Died February 25; aged sixty-six. High Sheriff of the County of Nottingham, 1924. Director of J. Hepworth and Son and other companies. Member, Trustees Savings Bank Inspection Committee.



THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE "HOOD" AND THE "RENOWN": THE "RENOWN" ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH BEFORE THE COURTS-MARTIAL ON REAR-ADMIRAL S. R. BAILEY, CAPTAIN H. R. SAWBRIDGE, AND CAPTAIN F. T. B. TOWER.

The first of the three courts-martial arising out of the collision between the "Hood" and the "Renown" on January 23, and held in accordance with the usual naval practice, opened on Feb. 26, at Portsmouth. The President of the first court was Vice-Admiral E. A. Astley-Rushton. The officers charged at the courts-martial were Rear-Admiral S. R. Bailey, commanding the Battle-Cruiser Squadron; Captain F. T. B. Tower, of H.M.S. "Hood"; and Captain H. R. Sawbridge, of H.M.S. "Renown." At the first court-martial Rear-Admiral Bailey was acquitted of hazarding the "Hood," and the "Renown." As we write, the other courts-martial have not begun. Only four Admirals have been court-martialled since 1856.



VICE-ADMIRAL ASTLEY-RUSHTON: PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST COURT-MARTIAL ARISING OUT OF THE "HOOD"-"RENOWN" COLLISION.



REAR-ADMIRAL S. R. BAILEY: ACQUITTED AT THE FIRST COURT-MARTIAL FOLLOWING THE "HOOD"-"RENOWN" COLLISION.



THE NEW MASTER OF THE TEMPLE: THE REV. HAROLD ANSON, FORMERLY VICAR OF TANDRIDGE.

The Rev. Harold Anson, Vicar of Tandridge, has been appointed Master of the Temple; following the appointment of the Very Rev. S. C. Carpenter to the Deanery of Exeter. Canon Anson was co-editor of "Commonwealth" from 1912 to 1915, and is the author of "Spiritual Healing" and other works. He has been Warden of St. John's, Auckland.



COMMEMORATING MR. J. H. THOMAS'S TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR AS M.P. FOR DERBY: A PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO THE DERBY ART GALLERY.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph notes: "The portrait of Mr. J. H. Thomas was painted by Mr. E. Townsend, of Derby, who is seen at the right, wearing glasses, in commemoration of Mr. Thomas's twenty-five years as M.P. for Derby. The painting was commissioned by Mr. F. W. Hampshire, of Derby, and was presented to the Derby Art Gallery."



THE NEW NEPALESE MINISTER-DESIGNATE: GENERAL KRISHNA SHUMSHERE JUNG BAHADUR RANA.

General Krishna Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana has been appointed Nepalese Minister in London, in succession to General Bahadur Shumshere Jung Rana. It is understood that General Krishna will arrive in London this month, but will not take up his appointment until after the Silver Jubilee celebrations.

THE "MONA LISA" SMILE ANTICIPATED IN GREEK ART: THE SPHINX.

REPRODUCED FROM "L'ART EN GRÈCE." BY CHRISTIAN ZERVOS. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. ZWEMMER. (SEE REVIEW ON PAGE 352.) PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILE SERAF.



A HEAD OF THE SPHINX: A GREEK WORK DATING FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C., AND NOW PRESERVED IN THE ACROPOLIS MUSEUM AT ATHENS.

The expression of the face in this ancient Greek representation of the Sphinx, wrought by an unrecorded sculptor some 2500 years ago, suggests at once a comparison with the famous "enigmatic smile" in Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Mona Lisa (now in the Louvre) painted in 1504. In Greek mythology, the Sphinx was a she-monster who propounded a riddle to the Thebans and killed

all who could not guess it, but at last the correct answer was given by Œdipus, and the Sphinx thereupon slew herself. The Greek Sphinx was usually portrayed in art as having the body of a winged lion, while the upper part of the figure was that of a woman. The Egyptian Sphinx was slightly different, the body being that of a lion recumbent and without wings.

THE JOYOUS SIDE OF ANCIENT GREEK ART: HAPPY HAYMAKERS.

REPRODUCED FROM "L'ART EN GRÈCE." BY CHRISTIAN ZERVOS. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. ZWEMMER. (SEE REVIEW ON PAGE 352.)



HAYMAKERS SINGING AS THEY RETURN FROM WORK: SCENES OF RIOTOUS HILARITY FROM A GREEK STEATITE VASE, NOW PRESERVED IN THE MUSEUM OF CANDIA, IN CRETE.

The ancient Greeks did not lack humour, as witness, for example, the plays of Aristophanes, and Greek art, like Greek literature, had its lighter side. There is a wonderful *joie de vivre* in the rollicking scenes of farm life portrayed in the vase decoration shown above. Perhaps this was one of the subjects which the author of "L'Art en Grèce" (the volume from which these designs come) had in mind

when he wrote in his preface: "The choice of subjects for reproduction was intended to represent Greek art in its most dynamic phases, stripped of the academic. The illustrations give the lie to the legend, still accredited, of the supposed dryness of an art which, on the contrary, is the most enlivening proof ever given of man's power of invention, depth of spirit, and passion."

ORIENTAL FEELING IN ANCIENT GREEK ART: AN IVORY ALMOST CHINESE.

REPRODUCED FROM "L'ART EN GRÈCE." BY CHRISTIAN ZERVOS. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. ZWEMMER. (SEE REVIEW ON PAGE 352.)



AN IVORY PLAQUE DATING FROM THE MYCENEAN PERIOD AND FOUND AT MYCENÆ: A CARVED FIGURE OF A GODDESS (NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT ATHENS) WITH A CHINESE QUALITY OF DESIGN AND TECHNIQUE.

It is not altogether fanciful, perhaps, to see in this Mycenaean ivory goddess a certain Oriental quality, particularly suggestive of the art of China. Some ground for an Eastern derivation of such early Greek work is afforded by a passage in Mr. A. W. Lawrence's "Classical Sculpture." Discussing Greek art, he writes: "Wood frequently formed a groundwork upon which to place more decorative

materials, especially gold and ivory (which were used in conjunction). . . and the chryselephantine (gold and ivory) technique might be considered a development from this principle, were it not known to have already flourished in the Oriental kingdoms. . . . Greek carvings in ivory begin at least as early as the seventh century (B.C.), in the form of crude imitations of small Asiatic models."

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

GREEK ART FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Being a Review of "L'ART EN GRÈCE": By Christian Zervos.*

By FRANK DAVIS.



MOST of us are able to see the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum at least once in our lives, and during that visit we may even acquire the taste for further delving into an art which could, in the fifth century B.C., reach so extraordinary an apogee. To do this we shall no doubt plough solemnly through one or two very sound, very academic, and very uninspiring text-books, by means of which we shall acquire a working knowledge of dates, tendencies, names, and places. Our next move will, of course, be a journey to Greece and the Aegean—failing that, I recommend very heartily the book under review; first, because it contains a series of 350-odd photographs taken with great skill and understanding; and secondly, because the author

of art when actually they were confronted by nothing better than late Græco-Roman copies of lost originals, and our authors justifiably pour contempt upon the dreary academic attitude which used to class the early work of the sixth and seventh centuries B.C. as barbarous gropings towards the fine flower of classicism. It is also quite easy to make fun of our authors, as when M. Zervos, in the Introduction, commits himself to the following—he is speaking of the particular interest the modern man takes in the little idols from the Cyclades, and remarks: "What interests us in sculpture is its architecture, and not at all its relations with reality." When one thinks that man's body is by no means a poor piece of architecture anyhow, and that, if your sculptor simplifies too much, he goes further and further from a comely and vigorous "architecture"—but why continue? Perhaps M. Zervos or some other enthusiast will explain just why it is virtuous in the ancients to give a goddess a neck as long as her legs? I want a better explanation than that it is "good architecture"—and I am not yet wholly convinced that, had he known how to do it, your primitive artist would not have worked into his heads the eager mobility, shall we say? of Myron's Discobolus, rather than a series of triangular planes devoid of human expression; or, a little later, that set archaic smile which one can forgive in a single fine example, but which repetition renders merely tiresome.

However, after so many years spent in perfunctory admiration of Negro sculpture, it is gratifying to record that our modern artist now has his attention directed to all that is stimulating in Greece. Some apostles of the brave new world in Paris have spilt a good deal of ink quite recently in demonstrating that the Greeks accomplished comparatively little in the plastic arts, and were distinctly inferior, not, perhaps, in technique, but in the understanding of "sculptural values." The young and earnest student of to-day has now written leave to go to Greece and learn from the monuments of the world's really civilised race what was its contribution to our own ideals—advice which is not particularly new, but can hardly be expressed too frequently.

It is the privilege of one generation to rediscover the good points of its predecessors, and no one will quarrel with M. Zervos and his collaborators for reproducing with a little more eloquence, and a good deal more understanding, the panegyrics of their grandfathers. They have, of course, far more material at their disposal, thanks to the research of the

past thirty years; and

the camera, allied to fine taste and genuine knowledge (though erudition as such is modestly disclaimed), accomplishes far more than was possible in the old days. Not many will be found to follow the authors in their obstinate and honest enthusiasm for the more primitive types, and specialists will not meet with newly-discovered masterpieces; but even those who are tolerably familiar with Greek sculpture will be surprised and pleased at the way in which certain well-known examples have been photographed afresh (a good instance of this is the Man Carrying the Calf, from the Acropolis Museum—a really excellent detailed rendering of this famous piece—Plate 105), and great numbers will be enchanted by the reproductions of the figures from the white oil-vases in the collection of the National Museum at Athens. These oil-bottles were made for funeral use, and were decorated not by the rather severe technique of the ordinary vases, but in a very free manner with washes of colour, so that they are almost to be considered as paintings. They were under obvious limitations as to size, but such things as Plates 283-4 are of extraordinary quality, while the examples in line immediately preceding these two plates have an uncanny resemblance in their nervous freedom to the less perverse work of Picasso. It is easy for the non-expert to miss these very interesting white oil-vases in our own national collection, and I recommend a special visit to the third vase-room in the British Museum, where there are some fine examples in a case in the centre, but none of quite the type of these two plates. The final pages of the book are devoted to illustrations of Byzantine work existing in Greece: there are some impressive tenth-century mosaics, and details of some superb fifth-century carvings of foliage, these last the finest things imaginable. I should add that the price, 28s. 6d., is absurdly cheap, and the standard of production extremely good. Emphatically a book to keep always within reach.



"THAT SET ARCHAIC SMILE": A PROTOMÉ IN TERRA-COTTA—A GREEK HEAD DATING FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

writes as a devotee of modern art and admires the old not because it is dead, but because it is eternally new and alive. One approaches a book written by a Greek, and known to be subsidised by the Greek Government, with circumspection, remembering the Virgilian tag, "*Timeo Danaos . . .*" and wondering what deep political intrigue is at the bottom of it all. There is no intrigue, however; there is no demand for English intervention—no, not even to return the Elgin Marbles to the Parthenon—and the whole production is merely an eloquent, amusing, lively, and fascinating picture of Greek Art as seen in Greece, and Greece only.

Incidentally, and at no great length, various people, including M. Le Corbusier, the architect, and M. Fernand Léger, the painter, testify with much vigour and great enthusiasm to the faith which is in them. (Perhaps I should already have said that this is a book printed in France and written in French.) It is high praise to be able to announce that, even when such leaders of the vanguard are at their most perverse, and even when, with tremendous gusto, they say something that has already been said several times in England, as if it were a new revelation from Olympus (for, indeed, in this benighted island we are not wholly without a taste for æsthetic adventure); yet the most robot-like and academic scholar will forgive them, because they reach pretty well the same conclusions as he does, though by different methods of approach.

It is quite easy to make fun of our ancestors, who thought they were looking at authentic works



AN EXAMPLE OF GREEK SCULPTURE AT THE END OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.: A FUNERARY PROTOMÉ FOUND AT TANAGRA.



A STATUE OF A YOUTH FOUND AT KALYVIA, IN ATTICA: A GREEK WORK (UNDATED) NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT ATHENS.

* "L'art en Grèce." Des Temps Préhistoriques au Début du XVIII^e Siècle. By Christian Zervos. With 368 Plates. (Paris: "Cahiers d'Art," 14, rue du Dragon, 6th Arr.; London: A. Zwemmer, 78, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2; 28s. 6d.)



She said to me : *'My Old Dutch'* was the most popular song of its day . . .
 I said to her : *My old Scotch is just as popular—it's Johnnie Walker . . . !*

What drink can even compare with a fine old
 mellowed Scotch whisky ? Ask for it always
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

NOW is the best time to buy a new car. The weather is fair enough to use it, but, with alternate sunshine, rain, hail, and snow, you must

Motor Exhibition, the second of a series of provincial shows, is being held in Granby Hall, Leicester, from Feb. 27 to March 2. Last week the rear-engined Tatra streamlined car made its debut on exhibition in Davies Street, near Bond Street, London, and the new "super modern Fifteen" (horse-power) four-cylinder front-drive Citroën its first bow to the trade and public at the works at Slough. Both these cars are revolutionary in their design, the Tatra having a 3-litre eight-cylinder air-cooled vee-engine placed at the rear of the coachwork, while the Fifteen Citroën is a larger edition of the Twelve, also having front-wheel drive, independent suspension for

Thursday at Shaw and Kilburn, Ltd., 117, Great Portland Street, W.1. The chief event of the past few days, however, was the introduction by the Humber Company of their new automatic gear-box at a luncheon given on Wednesday last at the Dorchester Hotel. This gear has been well tested, as the Humber experimental department has been at work upon it for the past three years. Also this winter the gear fitted to a Humber Snipe was tested on the Sahara Desert, as the car, hauling a trailer-caravan, started from London via Marseilles to Algiers, and made a successful cross-country journey across part of Africa as far south as Ghardaia, returning via Constantine, Biskra, and Touggort. So easy and certain is its method of changing gear-ratios that "learners" using it will lose all terrors of the official driving-test they must pass in order to obtain a driving licence after April 1.

Austin car sales are most encouraging as a thermometer of the prosperity of the industry. When it is considered that the British motor trade is producing over three times the number of cars turned

[Continued overleaf.]



A HUMBER CAR FITTED WITH THE DE NORMANVILLE SAFETY GEAR TOWING A HEAVY CARAVAN: ON THE SAKAMODY PASS IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

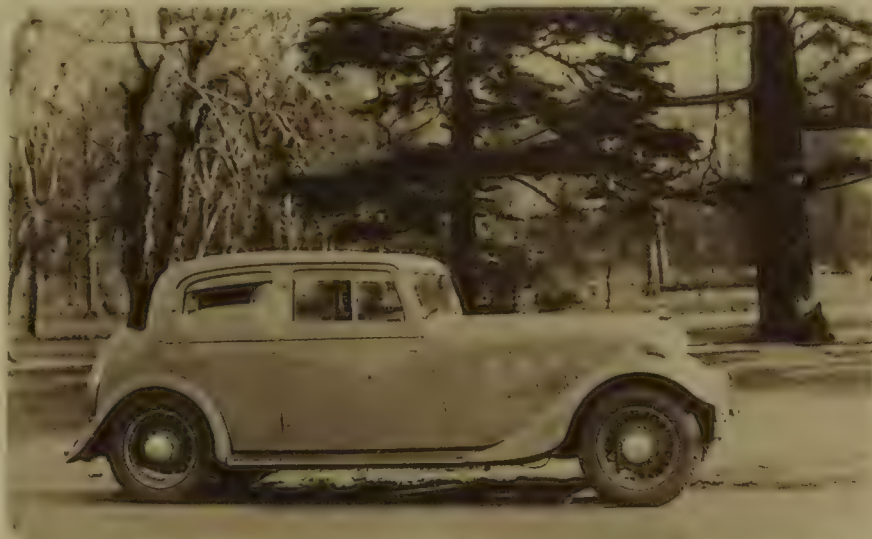
During an expedition to Northern Africa a Snipe tested severely the de Normanville Safety Gear which is available on certain Humber models. It towed a heavy caravan and transported six passengers—a gross load of over three tons.

drive it carefully, and so run-in the working parts gently, without overstraining bearings. Furthermore, the novice drivers do not usually come on the road until Easter, so the highways are safer from their lapses. At the same time, even experienced drivers do press down the accelerator-pedal in mistake for the brake, so do not be too severe if a novice has this mishap. Fortunately, by dint of constantly dinning into the ears of motor manufacturers in these articles that the public require all cars to have the same positions for their control pedals, brake, etc., most cars now have the accelerator-pedal outside of the brake-pedal, and not between brake- and clutch-pedal, as was the position on many cars up till recently.

This time of year is also one of many special displays by individual motor-makers. Thus a Ford

all four wheels, with torsion-bar springing, frameless construction, and most roomy coachwork.

On Tuesday this week the 1935 "Airglide" and "Airflow" Chrysler models were shown at Kingsway Hall, London, for the first time, to the agents and public, and the 1935 Terraplane and Hudson cars, fitted with the "electric hand" (automatic control), on



A RALLY COMPETITOR: A ROVER 14-H.P., SIX-CYLINDER, SPORTS SALOON.

This attractive car has been supplied to Mr. Gordon J. Redgrave, and is entered for the R.A.C. 1000 Miles Rally and Concours d'Elegance to be held at Eastbourne this month. It is finished in grey, with grey internal woodwork. The upholstery, which is in a very soft leather, harmonises. Rovers, it will be recalled, have been most successful in winning prizes in the Rally form of competition in the past, notably at Hastings and at Bournemouth.

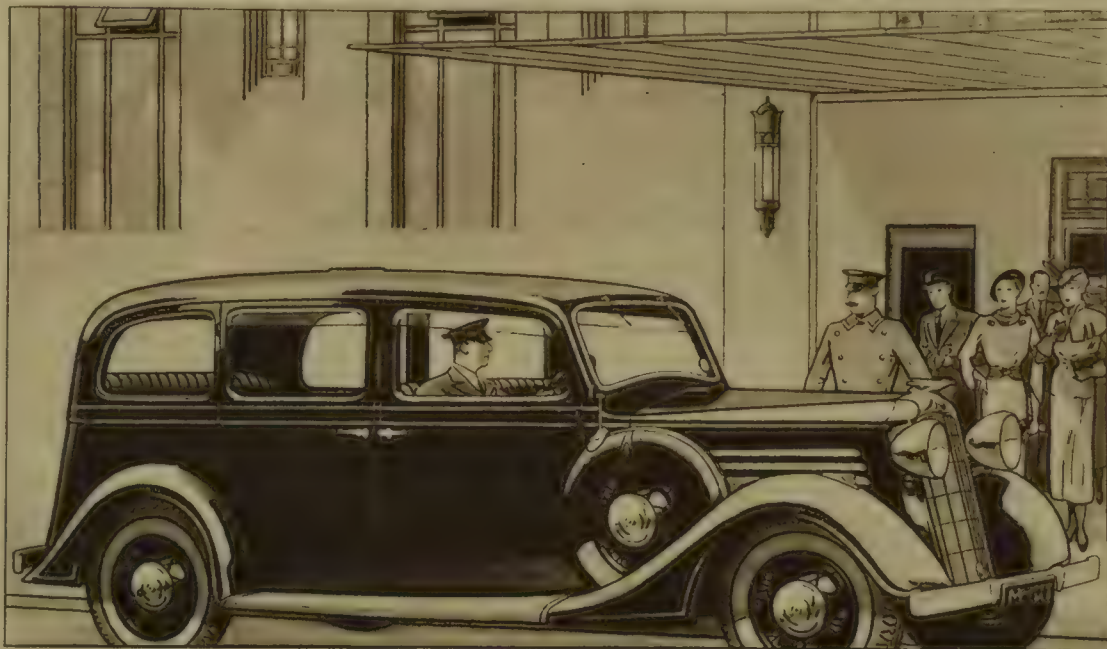
VAUXHALL'S MODERN 7-STR. LIMOUSINE

WHILE saloon cars have advanced apace, limousine design has somewhat lagged behind.

Now Vauxhall have produced, in this seven-seater Big Six Limousine, a car with the dignified appearance associated with a town carriage that is definitely abreast of the times in its modern streamline influence.

It is mounted on the 27-h.p. Vauxhall Big Six Regent Chassis which, with its wheelbase of 10 ft. 10 ins., allows for an exceptionally spacious body. Grosvenor Coachwork craftsmen have taken full advantage of these extra inches and designed a luxurious body that in comfort and nicety of appointment rivals built-to-order coachwork.

Two or three years ago you would have expected little change from a four-figure cheque for a car of this size and luxury. To-day, thanks to Vauxhall's special manufacturing technique, the price is only



£550. For Vauxhall's flow production system of manufacture is craftsmanship on a larger, more accurate scale. It safeguards the fine finish that has always distinguished Vauxhall products, yet makes this Limousine comparable, on a value-for-money basis, with the smaller Vauxhall models of to-day.

There are two chassis types of Vauxhall Big Six. The Standard chassis with 20-h.p. or 27-h.p. engine for five-seater coachwork. The Regent chassis (with 19 in. extra wheelbase, larger tyres with two spares, etc.) 27-h.p. engine only for seven-seater and specially roomy coachwork. Full particulars from your local Vauxhall dealer.

Coachwork Details of the Vauxhall Master Big Six Limousine

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Two comfortable occasional seats in the rear which can be folded away when not required.

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(Continued.)

out ten years ago, and that the Austin factory at the present time is producing nine times as many cars as in 1924-25, you can reckon matters are progressing for the world of motors in this country. Many folks expected that, with the lowering of the horse-power tax by 25 per cent. on Jan. 1, the Austin Seven sales would be eclipsed by the Ten four-cylinder model. So far, however, the public demand for the Seven is slightly above that for the larger horse-power car. Furthermore, Sir Herbert Austin the other day stated in the course of conversation that motorists still retained a preference for the saloon in place of the tourer, and his factory has only one car fitted with a touring body for every thirteen saloons. Even in the export part of the sales, saloons outnumber tourers by four to one. I am of opinion that the reason for this is that motorists want tourers fitted with proper safety-glass windows in place of cellulose sheeting, which becomes obscured and cracked in a short time, as well as requiring to be placed in position when they are erected as wind-screens to shelter the occupants from side winds, whether the cape-hood is raised or not. That is why the Tickford form of double-purpose coachwork has been so popular, notwithstanding its extra cost. This really opens fully, and is equally closed as tight and weather-proof as any saloon. Also the windows can be raised in the ordinary winding-up fashion to act as draught-shields when required.

All motorists must remember that, on and after March 18, the order comes into force that cars must be kept within a speed of 30 miles an hour in built-up areas—that is, where street lighting is installed. But it is the duty of the various local councils to erect posts carrying the official warning sign that the car is in such an area. If there are no posts or signs warning motorists of this 30 m.p.h. speed limit, that district has no official speed limit, except the good sense of the driver according to the traffic conditions. In order to prevent local authorities



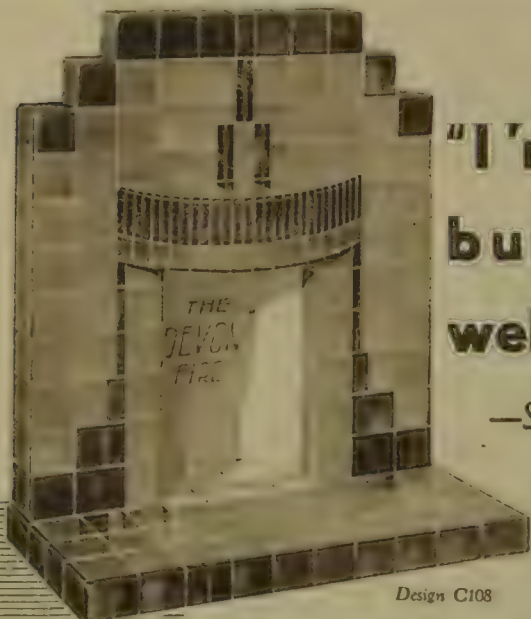
SHOWING THE FIVE RED REAR-LAMPS FOR GUIDING BUSES IN FOG: A BACK VIEW OF THE PILOT TRICYCLE—A MANCHESTER DEVICE.

A tricycle fitted with five special red lamps at the back has recently been tested, at Manchester, as a convoy for motor-buses in foggy weather. Hitherto, the experiment has been tried only once or twice, but so far it is reported to have proved quite successful, and it seems likely to be useful in preventing the dislocation of bus services through fog.



HOW A PILOT TRICYCLE, FITTED WITH SPECIAL REAR-LAMPS, AND WITH A MOTOR LAMP IN FRONT, CAN BE USED TO GUIDE A MOTOR-BUS IN FOGGY WEATHER: A NEW ROAD DEVICE WHICH HAS BEEN TESTED SUCCESSFULLY IN MANCHESTER.

scheduling arterial roads in the London Traffic Area, the Minister of Transport has issued a notice that, with certain exceptions, the limit of 30 miles an hour in built-up areas which he purposes to enforce on March 18 should not normally be applied on the important newly constructed by-pass and arterial roads in the London Traffic Area. This is the result of protests from the motoring organisations, who pointed out to the Minister that these roads were constructed to allow traffic to speed up and lessen congestion. Consequently, the Great North Way, Watford by-pass, the Great West Road, the Dorking by-pass, the Kingston by-pass, etc., are exempt from the 30 m.p.h. speed limit for private cars. But that portion of the new road to Brighton by Coulsdon and Purley, from the northern entrance of Merstham Tunnel to Reigate borough boundary, is still to be a 30 m.p.h. limit. Also by Woolwich on the Rochester arterial road to Welling Way, and thence to the borough boundary, will be inside the 30 m.p.h. limit. But anybody who knows both these portions of these high roads would always drive carefully, as both are more or less bottle-necks and full of traffic. Taking these points into consideration, therefore, little complaint can reasonably be raised regarding the inclusion of these roads as built-up areas. Time will show what may be the effect of the new regulations, which will be watched with interest in these localities.]



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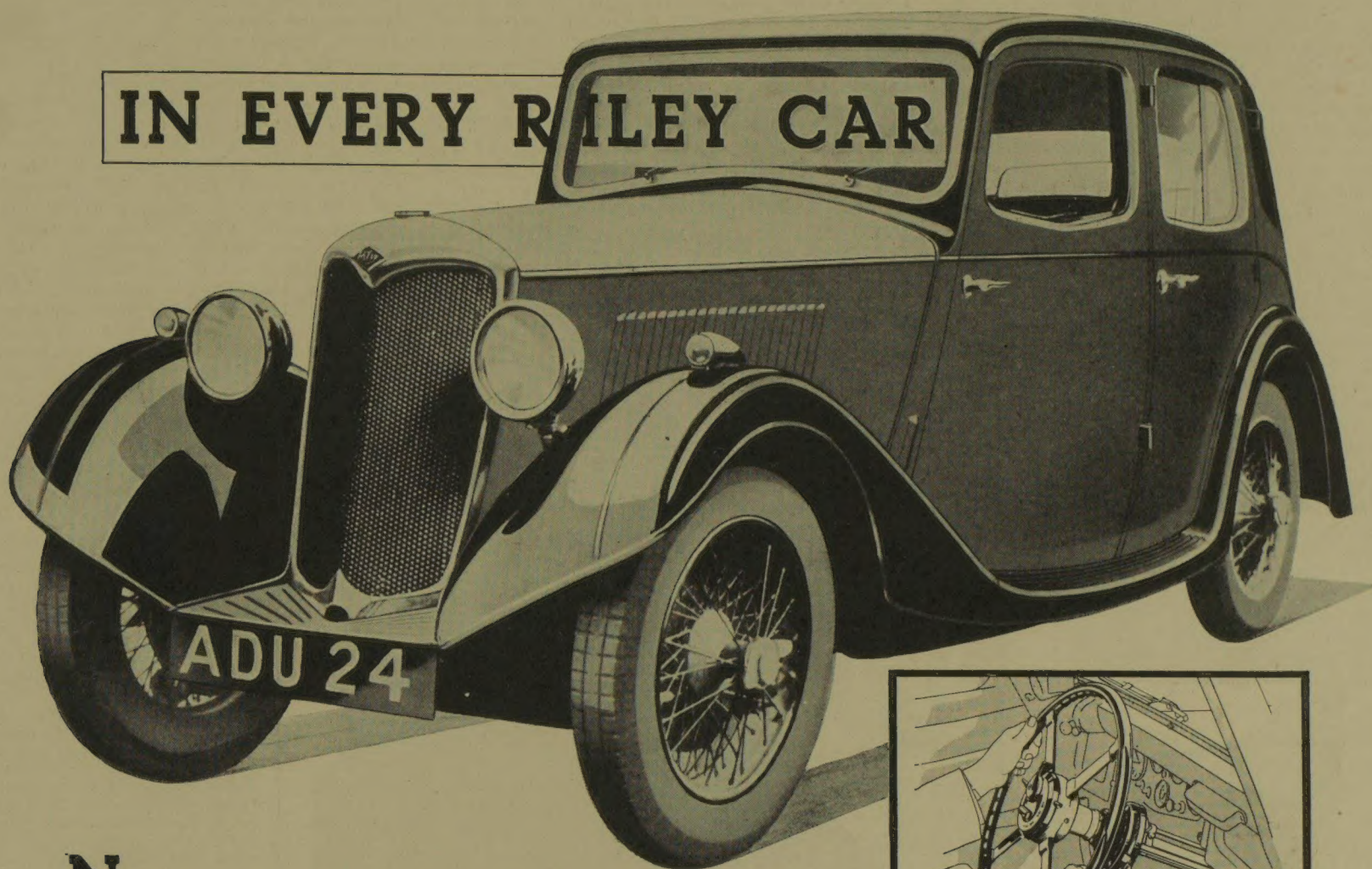
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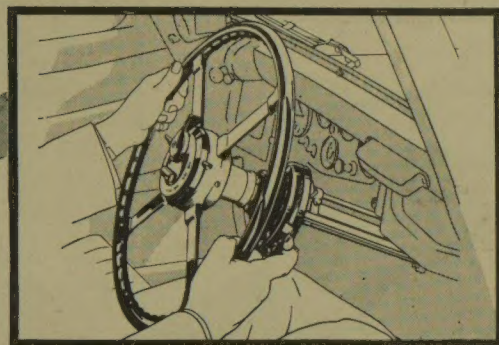
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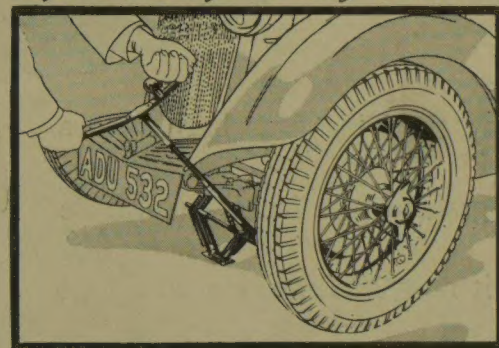
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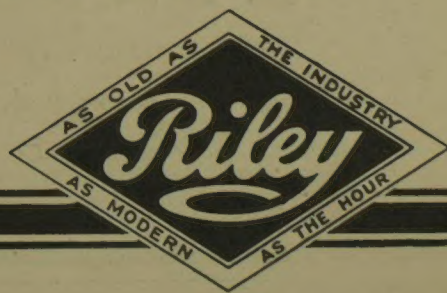


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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"YOUTH AT THE HELM," AT THE GLOBE.

THERE is a touch of plausibility about this farce that doubles the edge of its satire. Randolph Warrender, penniless but well dressed, decides that the value of a man is what he puts upon himself. He strolls into the offices of the London and Metropolitan Bank, seats himself at the first vacant desk, and forthwith embarks on financial schemes of considerable magnitude. The other employees are greatly impressed by his air of authority. The managing director assumes him to be the protégé of the chairman; the chairman accepts him as a "find" of the managing director. Playing on the idea that most people dislike admitting to bad memories, he hails perfect strangers as old friends with great success, and even persuades them that the flotation of the Kubinsky Co., with which he pretends to be concerned, is merely the fruition of an earlier and half-forgotten scheme of their own. That while he is juggling with supposed millions he is so poor that he depends for his sustenance on the cheese straws he gets at cocktail-parties adds to the humour of the situation. By the time another banking company—not to mention the Board of Trade—have been drawn in, the hoax has gone too far to be exploded without blowing sky-high the reputations of all concerned. So as, by a fortunate coincidence, there is a demand for the goods of the Kubinsky Corporation, Mr. Warrender is installed as its manager

at a very comfortable salary. Mr. Owen Nares gives an extraordinarily youthful and high-spirited performance as Warrender. It is difficult to believe that it is twenty years since he became a matinée idol in "Romance." Mr. O. B. Clarence contributes a neat sketch of a fussy chairman, while Mr. Alastair Sim is quaintly amusing as a managing director who slinks through the farce as if he wore a cloak and had a poisoned dagger from mediaeval Venice up his sleeve.

"MAN OF YESTERDAY," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

This poignant drama reminds one of Miss Rebecca West's "Return of the Soldier," though by no means so sensitive a play. James Brett, wounded in the war, receives a blow on the head which wipes out the memory of the past seventeen years. A man turned forty, he thinks he is still twenty-four, and rejoices at his luck in "stopping a Blighty one." His tragedy is that he has once again to live the unsettled period immediately after the war; but this time alone. All the ex-soldiers, after a brief period of unrest, have adjusted themselves to peace conditions. He is, so to speak, a sole survivor; flotsam thrown up by the war. There is no one with whom he can have a glass of beer and "a good grouse to get it off his chest." He finds himself out of sympathy with his unremembered wife, and the thought of resuming his monotonous work in a bank fills him with dread. A happy, if not particularly satisfying, way out is found at the end. Mr. Leslie Banks gives a deeply moving performance as the soldier. He displays the intensity

of his emotion with the minimum of apparent effort. A minor, but in its way equally brilliant, performance is given by Miss Gillian Lind as a well-intentioned wife, but lacking sympathy and understanding.

"STOP PRESS," AT THE ADELPHI.

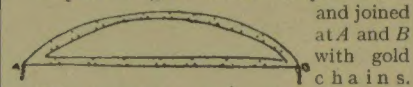
This is an always beautiful and frequently witty revue. Mr. Hassard Short has achieved miracles in the way of lighting. An entrancing effect is got in "The Mirrors" scene, when a ball-room is gradually filled with shadowy figures to the tuneful melody of "You and the Night and the Music." There is a delicious finale in sepia—Easter Parade in Hyde Park, 1879; it is as if a mellowed old print had come to life before our eyes: as beautiful an effect as has ever been seen on the London stage. Some of the sketches are unusually daring; it is impossible to describe without offence how the identity of the murderer in a mock detective drama was discovered; while the society wedding scene drew a slightly shocked giggle from even the sophisticated first-nighters. There is plenty of clean humour, fortunately. "If Men Played Cards as Women Do" is delightful satire. "Financial News—Income-Tax Protest," with its trio of tramps, and "The Four Arliss Brothers Arrive," are gems of comedy. A Sequin Serenade is an eye-dazzling picture; while "Revolt in Cuba" has a barbaric touch that is very effective. The players are, naturally somewhat overshadowed by the production. Miss Phyllis Monkman, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Mr. Laurence Anderson, and Mr. Edwin Styles

nevertheless contrived to stand out. Melodious tunes, bright ideas, and exquisite mounting and lighting make "Stop Press" a revue that should draw the town.

THE GOLDEN STOOL OF ASHANTI.

(Continued from Page 334.)

informed it still existed. In addition to these masks, bells, and iron, there were a pair of gold fetters shaped thus:



They were embossed with a triangular design upon each, as shown. These fetters were known as *Sika dayamfo*—i.e., golden fetters, and were, I was informed, added to the Stool regalia in the time of Ntim Gyakari's defeat by Osai Tutu at Feyiase.

Behind the regalia now described lay a small bundle tied up in a cloth, or large handkerchief. This had, I think, once been white. On the fabric was a design of dark-coloured butterflies. The cloth was stained with blood. This little bundle—for all the world like some navy's dinner tied up in a kerchief—contained the Golden Stool. Later it was reverently opened, and the contents were seen to consist of a piece of wood, about 3 in. by 5 in, stained quite black with blood. This, I was told, was a corner of the base of the Stool. Besides this, the largest piece, were several smaller fragments and a few handfuls of what was almost wood-dust. This was all that remained of the almost mythical Golden Stool, which, of course, was originally a wooden stool heavily ornamented with gold plates.

There was also a very curious *bodom*, or aggrey bead, something the shape of a Rugby football. It was about 1½ in. long and about 1 in. wide, thus:

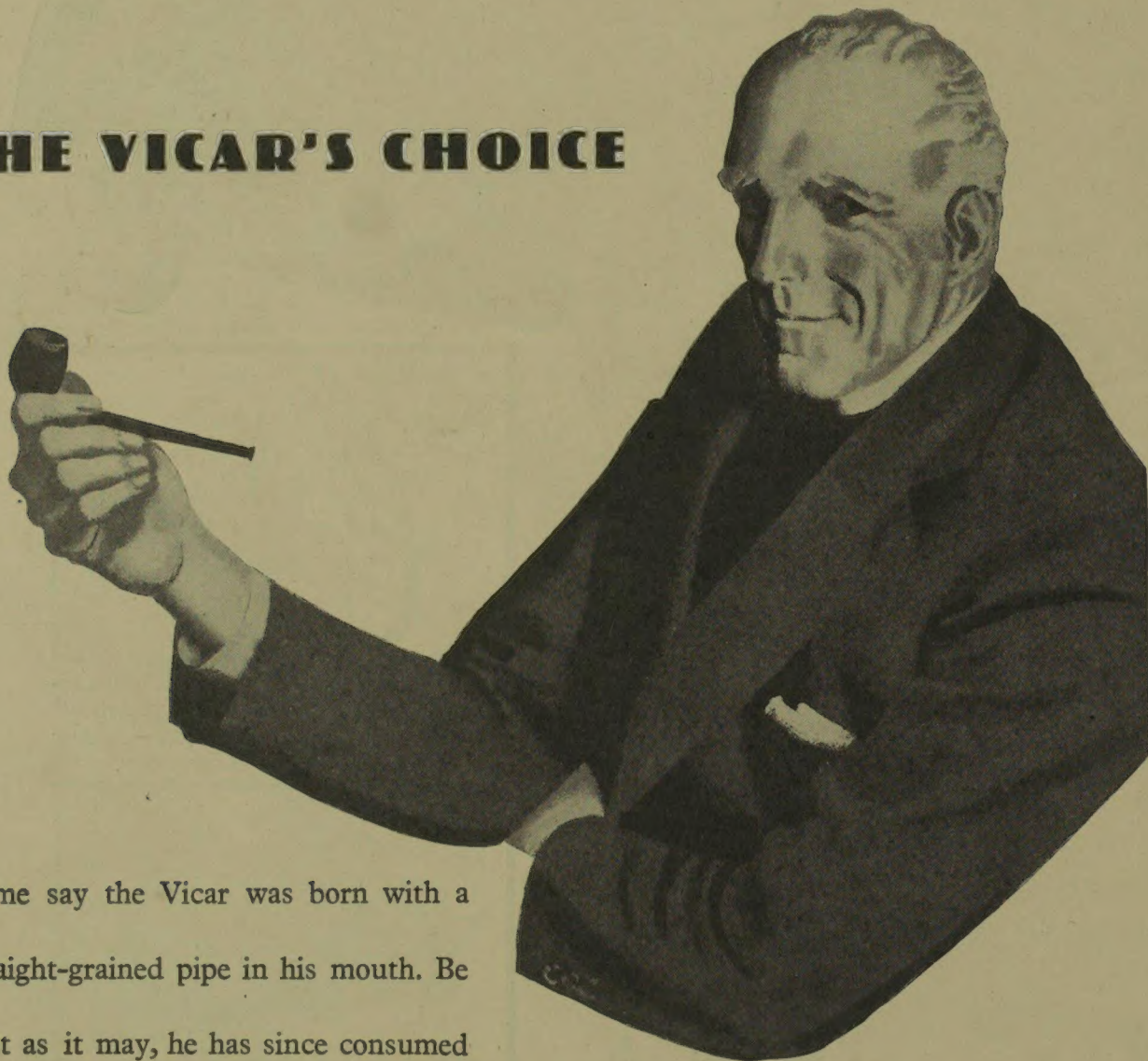
its colour was green with yellow bands. On one side it had—apparently adhering to it—a smaller (yellow) bead, stated to be "an embryo" * bead "prematurely born," or "one whose growth was arrested owing to the burning of 'Coomassie' in 1874." This was the famous bead which Komfo Anotchi received from the sky, along with the Stool. The bead was used for "drinking fetish."

This handful of decayed wood was, then, all that remained of the Golden Stool, but, as anyone who knows anything at all about West African magical technique is aware, it was more than abundance to form the nucleus of a new Stool. And this is what has been done. So, like the phoenix, a new Golden Stool has risen from these crumbling relics, and a very gallant little African people have shown a somewhat materially-minded Western world how, by clinging tenaciously to an ideal, they have won back for their country and themselves a place which commands the regard of us all.

(NOTE.—I need hardly state that the Golden Stool never demanded a human sacrifice, and that the blood I mention was that of sheep.)

* Every old Ashanti thinks these famous, and extremely valuable, beads "produce young like animals."

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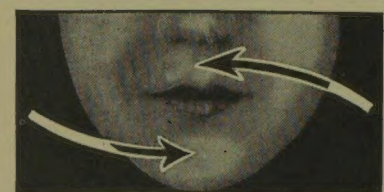


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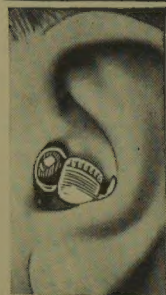
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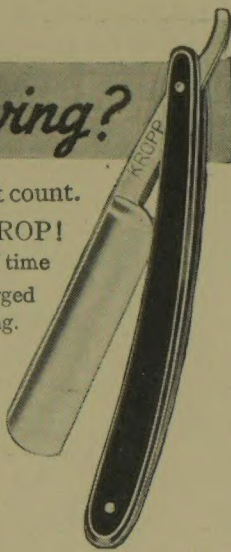
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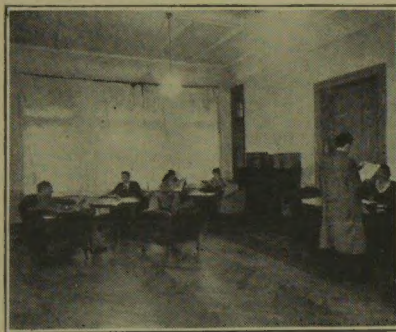
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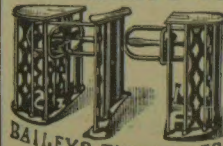
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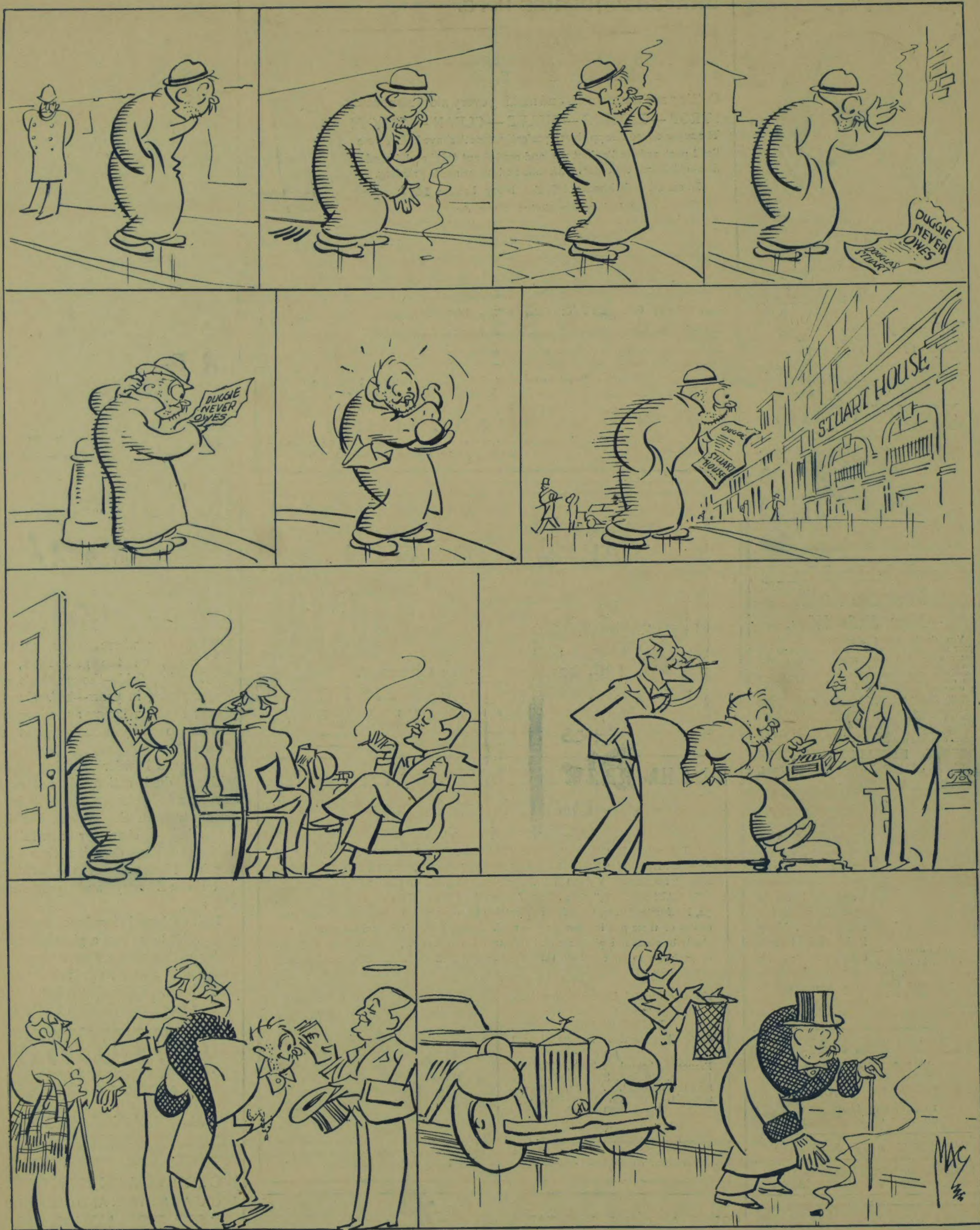
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